

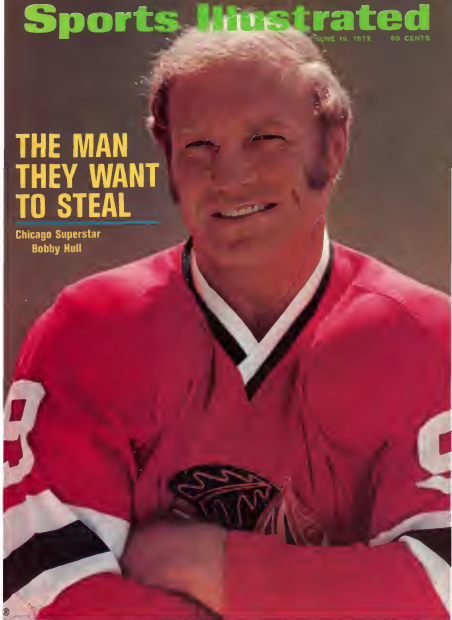
Sports Illustrated

JUNE 19, 1972

60 CENTS

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Bobby Hull





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Contents

JUNE 19, 1972 Volume 36, No. 25

Cover photograph by Tony Trillo

12 Two-Wheel Assault on an Island

Away they roared, up, down and around the Isle of Man, led by an Italian who was hell-bent for leather

18 They Follow in His Footsteps

On a clear day Riva Ridge ran forever, leading from the start in the Belmont to recoup his reputation

20 Keeping a Close Eye on the Ball

That is what everybody was doing last week as Jane Blalock, accused of cheating, strived to clear her name

26 Hockey's Turn To Wage a War

Catching up with other pros, the NHL squares off against a new league—which is hot after Bobby Hull

28 Munich's Billion-Dollar Baby

It's the Olympics, and, my, how it's grown. A very look—in drawings—at what Bavaria hath wrought

36 A Kid Who Doesn't Kid Around

Wrestler Dan Gable is convinced that all work and no play is how to win a gold medal at the Olympics

44 Sentinels Along a Stream of Memories

The past of the Rappahannock—the terrible Civil War battles fought on its banks—haunts a fisherman

74 Biggest Cheapskate in Big D

Lamar Hunt of Dallas owns three ball clubs, 32 tennis pros, a bunch of little oil oil wells—and one suit

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 9 Scorecard | 68 Hunting |
| 54 Baseball | 87 For the Record |
| 65 Track & Field | 88 19th Hole |

12

18

20

28

36

44

174

TORNADO

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Credits on page 87

Next week

THE OPEN—and possibly that—case for golf will be tried at Pebble Beach. Dan Jenkins is covering the 1972 tournament, where the gang will be after Jack Nicklaus again.

HALF—the younger half—of the U.S. Davis Cup team will play at the NCAA championships: Trinity and Stanford are favored to dethrone UCLA. Joe Jans will report.

THE BEST MEDICINE, a Baltimore pharmacist firmly believes, is owning a racehorse. But in all honesty his own steed (winner of just one event in his six years) is a bitter pill.

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I'm Givin' Sentimental Over You (Tommy Dorsey version) • *Swingin' at the Savoy* (Benny Goodman version) • *Topsy* (Count Basie version) • *Moon Glow* (Benny Goodman version) • *Footsie of the Milk Bottle* (Jimmie Dorsey version)

Royal Garden Blues (Bob Crosby version) • *You Turned the Tables on Me* (Benny Goodman version) • *Song of India* (Tommy Dorsey version) • *Remember* (Red Norvo version) • *Swingtime in the Rockies* (Benny Goodman version)

Cassoway (Duke Ellington version) • *Wailin' and Swingin'* (Andy Kirk version) • *My Blue Heaven* (Jimmie Lunceford version) • *Stop, Look and Listen* (Part I and II) (Tommy Dorsey version)

Christopher Columbus (Fletcher Henderson version) • *Goodbye* (Benny Goodman version) • *In a Sentimental Mood* (Duke Ellington version) • *Goody Goody* (Benny Goodman version) • *Prisoner's Song* (Benny Benjamin version)



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BOOKTALK

Sierra Club publications take up the cudgel with a new environmental trio

That grumpy environmental tabby cat, the Sierra Club, has gotten fangs in the last couple of years and has begun to prowl the countryside like a tiger. And, in keeping with the new mood of environmental aggressiveness, the Sierra Club's publications division has largely abandoned the sentimental celebration of flora and fauna and turned itself to sterner matters.

Sierra Club books first came to public attention with a series of extraordinarily handsome pictorial volumes carrying titles like *Blue California* and the *Geography of Hope* and *Gentle Wilderness: The Sierra Nevada*. The books featured photographic panoramas to the glories of nature, frequently glibly and pseudopoetic texts and vague complaints against threats to the outdoors.

Now the picture books, more expensive to the club than their reprints warranted, have been put on the back burner. In their place, the club has introduced a series of specialized, topical paperbacks under the belittling heading of "battlegrounds." No more wanderings through the heather with John Muir; today, it's hand-to-hand combat.

Three of the latest titles in the series are *Clearcut*, by Nancy Wood, *Longer*, by John Holden and Philip Herrera, and *Oilwell*, by Wesley Marx (\$2.75 each). The authors' prose is clumsy, often to the point of reader's cramp, and the indignation level tends to be a little high. But on balance the books are valuable and instructive guides to what is, indisputably, an environmental mess.

The books range from trees to energy to oil, but there are several common themes. Among them is the fact that a remarkable amount of environmental damage is caused by industrial cost cutting and shortsightedness. Also, that federal agencies are often either insensitive to environmental problems or actual handmaidens of the industries they ostensibly regulate. Each book makes the point that the costs of reducing pollution are generally borne not by the polluter but by the public, and that immediate consumer demand for goods and services places staggering strains on our natural resources. Finally, each author agrees that no serious environmental question will yield to easy solutions.

In *Oilwell*, Wesley Marx characterizes as "one-eyed technology" the prevailing system under which the environment is exploited for immediate gain. The oil industry rule, he says, is "drill and extract regardless of strategic, geographic or social location." The lumber industry with a few exceptions, which Nancy Wood graciously acknowledges—is upsetting the ecological balance of private and national forests by clear-cutting, a process in which all trees, regardless of age,

continued

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BOOK TALK continued

are "harvested." The fuel and electric-power industries promote overuse of energy in their advertising while their facilities are increasingly hard put to meet demand.

Institutional waste is too rarely discouraged by regulatory agencies, say Holdren and Herrera in *Energy*. They describe the Federal Power Commission's coziness with utilities and the Atomic Energy Commission's resistance to state efforts to impose more stringent restrictions on nuclear-power plants. Oil regulation, says Marx, is similarly mild, and Nancy Wood charges the Forest Service with promoting clear-cutting in apparent violation of the Multiple Use and Sustained Yield Act of 1960. She concedes the service is becoming more responsive, however, as younger foresters move into decision-making positions.

Still, public money continues to pay for forest regeneration, access roads and other aids to private lumbering. The public pays for deep-channel dredging and other efforts to prevent oil spills, and often for cleaning up spills when they occur. When utilities install controls on thermal pollution or radioactive waste, the costs are passed along to the consumer through higher rates.

But to say that industry is totally to blame ignores the public's responsibility. Industry may whet and cater to the public's appetite for oil, lumber and energy, but so long as public demand continues to rise, industry is in a sense a slave to our appetite for the Good Life. That is especially true of energy, and one of the main points of the Holdren-Herrera thesis is that "needless demand" must be whittled down to size before new sources of energy can be effectively mobilized.

Another virtue of the Holdren-Herrera book is that it acknowledges the complexity of environmental questions. So do Marx and Nancy Wood, but Holdren and Herrera face a head-on "... the conflict between energy's central role in environmental degradation and its necessity for material prosperity must ultimately be resolved." Too often the environmental hard-liners promote the fantasy that a return to Eden is possible, Holdren and Herrera understand that it is not, that our only reasonable hope is for a workable compromise. The affluent society must abandon the idea it can go whole hog back to nature.

Still, for those who depend on the outdoors for sport and recreation, compromise is at best half a loaf. Oil spills traumatically affect marine life and the coastal landscape, clear-cutting ravages scenic forests, and the resulting siltation clogs streams and spawning beds, thermal pollution can have devastating effects on fish in inland lakes and waterways.

Perhaps the term battlebooks is precisely the right one for these clarion volumes.

—JONATHAN YARDLEY

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 **Hotpoint**

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CRYANER

VOTE NO

The people who control sport—this means players' unions as well as owners, interested fans as well as commissioners—will make a grievous error if they go along with recent proposals for the establishment of a Federal Sports Commission. Past performance charts on Washington show that congressional interest in sport peaks during an election campaign (a man running for office loves to make the sports page) and flags thereafter. More to the point, self-serving politicians and bureaucratic methods aggravate the problems they set out to solve far more often than they alleviate them.

If sports cannot govern themselves, Congress certainly can't.

COUNTDOWN

Lou Harris, the pollster, was himself interviewed recently by Gerald Strine of the *Washington Post* and had some things to say about the report he issued last winter that indicated football had replaced baseball as the country's favorite sport. The poll, financed by the National Football League, was bitterly criticized by Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, who argued that Harris would have found more enthusiasm for baseball if he had interviewed younger people.

"I know Bowie Kuhn and have good relations with him," Harris said, "but the fact is, baseball's greatest strength is with the 50-and-over group. Baseball appeals to older people and to people in the lower-income bracket. Those are facts, and I can't make the facts go away. Anyone who takes a systematic cross section of the American public will find this to be a dominant pattern. Golf, interestingly enough, tends to run like baseball. Football is the swinging sport. Auto racing, basketball and hockey follow, and tennis may be on the way up."

Horse racing rates poorly with Harris, even though its premier race, the Kentucky Derby, ties with the Indianapolis 500 behind the World Series and

the Super Bowl in a ranking of the nation's most popular single sport events. Harris said he is unimpressed by the annual survey released by the *Daily Racing Form* that shows horse racing to be the leading sport in terms of total attendance. "The people who go to the races are usually the same people each day," he commented. "I'd advise horse racing to stop counting the same people three times a week and concluding they have more fans than anyone else."

Possibly because love of baseball dies slowly, Harris was asked if more boys were playing baseball today than 20 years ago.

"That would be a great poll to take," he said. "I think maybe we'll ask it. We have done work with black youngsters 12 to 16. I'd guess a lot less baseball is being played by black kids than there was 20 or 30 years ago. Today it's basketball for them. That's the sport that's really taken hold. Football is next. As for whites, we don't really know, but it certainly would be interesting to find out."

HOLIER THAN THOU

Honors that athletes win through the medium of voting—most valuable player awards, all-star teams, balls of fame, things like that—are always suspect because of the arbitrary choices that must be made. It is not so much what an athlete does in the arena that counts as it is the impression he makes on the people voting. This was evident again last week when professional hockey picked new members for its Hall of Fame. The selection committee refused to nominate Doug Harvey, the best "defensive" defenseman in hockey history. As Harvey says, he "likes to hoist a few with the boys now and then," and the selectors apparently felt he did not project an image appropriate to the dignity of the hall. That their consciences bothered them was evident when Frank Selke Sr., chairman of the committee, told Harvey afterward, "We'll get you in next

year." Then he added in an admissionsgiving tone, "but you have got to help me."

Harvey, blunt and outspoken, commented later, "I don't want any part of an outfit where you have to be one of the Establishment or you don't qualify. What they're saying is they won't put me in because I'm not averse to sampling the nectar of the gods."

Gordie Howe, one of those who were picked, summed up the inequity of the selections when he said, with Macbethian innocence, "It's a tremendous honor to be chosen when you consider that someone like Doug Harvey, who has contributed so much to the game, isn't in the Hall of Fame."

OLD WINE

This may not be a fair indication of the quality of the young pitchers organized baseball is nurturing down on the farm,



but Orlando Pena, a skinny guy in his late 30s who in an undistinguished major league career won only 46 games against 68 losses, is giving the Class A Florida State League fits this year. A player-coach for the Miami Orioles, Pena has a 9-2 record and a 1.17 earned run average. Opposing teams, concerned that the aging Pena's success was making their kid pitchers look bad, objected to his presence as an active player. Their distress was alleviated temporarily when Pena, pitching batting practice, was hit

enraptured

in the fact by an erratic line drive that caromed off a post in the batting cage. He suffered a broken nose and was sidelined for a bit. The rest of the league hurried to take advantage of the break.

BIG LITTLE TOWN

You may never have heard of McKees Rocks, Pa., but if you follow college football next fall there is a good chance you will. Notre Dame's starting quarterback is expected to be Tom Clements of McKees Rocks. Penn State's quarterback will be John Hufnagel, also of McKees Rocks. Pitt is not yet sure whether Bob Medwed or Bill Daniels will start at quarterback, but what does it matter? Both are from McKees Rocks. Not bad for a town whose population dropped from 13,185 in 1960 to 11,814 in 1970. Probably the result of quarterbacks leaving town.

MUTUEL FUND

Horseplayers have experienced electronic failures, spills and disqualifications in addition to the regular financial ups and downs that are part of the sport of risks. But never, until the other day in Charlestown, W. Va., had they ever been asked to bankroll a track.

It was clear and fast at Charlestown, but financially it was murky. The track had scheduled a day-night racing double-header, but the vault where its operating cash was stashed was geared to night racing and could not be opened until four p.m. Post time for the first race was two p.m. What to do? Well, despite Lou Harris, no sport has more loyal fans than racing. The track got on the PA system and explained the situation. It asked patrons to hold off cashing winning tickets as long as possible.

Then Bill Schwadron, the track's general manager, got in touch with a dozen or so big bettors of his acquaintance. "I was running my business," said one, "when Bill calls and asks if I could bring all the money I could raise to the track. I said you got to be kidding. He said no, he was serious as could be. And he said hurry. I ran to another little business near mine and emptied him out of a few Gs, and a couple of other guys did the same thing. The track didn't have \$200,000 when it opened, as it normally would, but we got \$85,000 together, and the first race was only half an hour late.

"I went out to the track myself, and

I wanted to make a little bet but I couldn't, I had no cash. The track told me I could put a marker in. I said beautiful. Then I decided to pass the race. The horse ran second."

Shortly after four, when the vault finally opened, the loans were repaid, and by five o'clock things were back to normal. One contributor murmured because his \$5,000 was returned to him without interest, but at least he didn't lose the 16¢ tax-and-track "bite" usually taken out of a bet.

SHOOT! SHOOT!

Big Eight basketball will introduce a 30-second clock in nonconference games next winter. Visiting teams will have the option of deciding whether the clock will be used or not. Use of the clock means that a team must take a shot at the basket within 30 seconds or give up possession of the ball. As with the NBA's 24-second rule (the ABA's is 30 seconds), the idea is to speed up play and get rid of freeze-the-ball tactics. Although experiments with such clocks have been made previously in college basketball, this is the first time a conference will experiment with one through an entire season. If it works out, it could mean that the 30-second rule will become a permanent part of the college basketball scene.

WHAT GOES UP

Even though thunderstorms were in the vicinity, Tony Hamaguchi, a sports parachutist in Colorado, decided to jump anyway. He stepped out of the plane at 7,500 feet, dropped in a free fall to 2,000 feet and then descended with an open chute until he was about 1,200 feet from earth. Things on the ground kept getting larger and larger. Then they stopped getting larger and, to his amazement, began getting smaller. He looked at his altimeter. The hand was spinning, but in the wrong direction. He was going up. A veteran of more than 150 jumps, he realized he was in a powerful updraft, although this was his first experience with one.

"I peaked out at about 5,500 feet," he said. "The updraft seemed to dissipate there. Ordinarily the whole thing wouldn't have bothered me, but my parachute was getting wet. And hailstones were hammering against my body and helmet and obscuring my vision. It was eerie seeing lightning around me and

hearing the hailstones hitting the canopy of my chute."

He began twisting the chute to lose altitude and finally came down. He landed a mile and a half off target, 18 minutes after leaving the plane for what should have been a two-minute jump.

"I was worried for a while," he said later, "but, all in all, it was fun."

SACRILEGE

The cheapening of the national anthem by playing it on every possible occasion (a form of wrapping oneself in the American flag) has been checked, at least in Kansas City, where the Royals announced last week that henceforth *The Star-Spangled Banner* would be played only on Sundays, holidays and special occasions.

The motive is laudable, but the odds are about 100 to 1 that self-styled patriots will react with rage and threaten to destroy Kansas City and half the state of Missouri if the ball club does not recant. Back in the 1950s when Arthur Ehlert, then general manager of the Baltimore Orioles, tried the same thing, he was quickly howled down. Good luck, Royals. As P. G. Wodehouse might say, we will watch your future career with considerable interest.

THEY SAID IT

- Alan Eagleson, executive director of the NHL Players' Association, discussing the lack of parity in the expanded NHL: "The only thing tougher than getting four tickets for a Montreal-Boston game is getting rid of four tickets for a Montreal-Oakland game."
- Vin Scully, Los Angeles Dodger broadcaster, watching Bob Gibson of the St. Louis Cardinals whipping through the Dodger lineup in a game that took less than two hours to play: "Gibson pitches as though he's double-parked."
- George Scott, former Boston Red Sox slugger traded to Milwaukee, on walking in from third base after hitting a home run on his first visit to Fenway Park since the trade: "I wanted to walk in because one of my fans might have gone out to get a Coke, and he would have missed it. I wish it could have took two days."
- John Havlicek, on why the Ralston Cereal Company wants him for commercials: "Then they'd have Wheat-Chex, Corn-Chex, Rice-Chex and Havli-Chex."

END



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*With power windows and service to vehicle in accordance with National Automobile Insurance Association's Code of Fair Practices, part found to be defective in materials. Excludes body within 24 months or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first, except for rust and heat and service items. See dealer for details. Volkswagen of America, Inc.

TWO-WHEEL ASSAULT ON AN ISLAND

On the Isle of Man's escutcheon is a heraldic device known as the *trile cassyn* which shows three bent and armored legs joined somewhat whimsically at the top of the thighs. Beneath the three legs runs the motto *Quocunque jeceris stabit*, meaning, roughly, "However you throw it, it won't fall down." There were plenty of bent and armored motorcycle racers in Manxland last week who wished the coat of arms and its motto applied to them. But unfortunately that mystical stability belongs to only a few in the tilted, topsy realm of two-wheeled racing—and those few dominated the 53rd annual Isle of Man Tourist Trophy race meeting with an authority rarely seen in any sport.

Most authoritative of all was Italy's Giacomo Agostini, TV star and 10-time world champion in the 350- and 500-cc. categories of bike racing. Mounted on a brace of impeccably prepared MV Agustas, Agostini simply blew off all the competition in both the junior (350-cc.) Tourist Trophy race and the senior (500) as well. Among those blasted in the 350 was his pickup teammate, British world champion Phil Read, who had joined the MV team for this race only, ostensibly to share his intimate knowledge of the tricky, 37½-mile Manx road course with the Italians in return for a good ride. But, ah, that fine Italian hand. All the MV folks shared with Read was a sour bike that quit shortly after one lap. Still, unflappable Phil got some of his own back by gunning down all the opposition, British, Italian or otherwise, in his specialty—the 250-cc. event—and he did it on his own little Yamaha. Sayonara, Signor.

The Manx TT is to motorcycle racing what Indianapolis or Le Mans or

Away they roared, up, down and all around Manxland in the last of the real road races, led by an Italian hero who was half-bent for leather

by ROBERT F. JONES

the Nürburgring are to automobile competition—and maybe even more. Dating back to 1907, when the fastest lap was 42.91 mph, it is today the only major international road race for bikes that is run entirely on real, live roads. And even the mini-bikes now turn laps in excess of 100 mph. Like Indy, it is both venerable and vicious: last week's racing produced the 99th fatality on the Manx circuit, compared with 50 at Indianapolis. Like Le Mans, it is grueling: each lap takes at least 20 minutes to complete and contains more than 200 bends, chicanes, bumps, jumps, dips, hills and sometimes spills. And like the Nürburgring, that most awesome of Grand Prix courses, it is both bleak and beautiful.

For those whose geography book is not handy, the Isle of Man is a green knob of rock and anachronisms set at the top of the Irish Sea, almost equidistant from England, Scotland and Ireland. Because it is an independent nation, ruled by its own ancient House of Keys and only loosely allied with the United Kingdom, Manxland has its own money, its own clotted Gaelic dialect and—most important for bike enthusiasts—both the power and the willingness to abolish speed limits on its roads during Tourist Trophy weeks. The island's climate is said to be splendid, almost Mediterranean, and indeed there are a few scraggly palm trees swaying in the

raw winds of the Irish Sea, but one suspects they were mail-ordered by the Manx Chamber of Commerce. Last week, at least, it was a chill, wet island, the slimy slate ridges of its upland moors softened only a touch by the butter-yellow bloom of gorse and the purpling of heather. Its mountains are mist-shrouded and ominous—most especially Snaefell, at 2,034 feet the tallest. It is around Snaefell that the TT course winds, and when one is racketing up into its dank fogs at 100 mph on the back of a racing bike, it is easy to imagine trolls up there on the peak, picking their teeth with human shinbones.

But the Marxman, by contrast, is a jolly, homey, egalitarian sort (and so is the Manxwoman, who is not, by the way, called a Minx). Bitter ale and smoky whiskey flow steadily in the pastel pubs and boardinghouses along the waterfront of Douglas, the island's largest city, and unlike so many small towns that have become motor racing centers, Sebring and Watkins Glen for example, Douglas displays little overt resentment of the racing crowd that so noisily distorts its life-style. During the TT weeks of late May and early June the seaside Promenade of Douglas, with its horse-drawn trams and leisurely foot traffic, becomes a drag strip for the leather boys. At the south end of the Promenade, near the ancient stone quay, is Chrome Corner—showplace for nearly 6,000 motorcycles and their riders. There are the Nortons and Velocettes, Triumphs and BSAs, a steady yammering of Yamahas, Hondas,

continued

Leaving into the turns—and landing safely after valiant leaps—winners Phil Read (above) and Giacomo Agostini pull ahead.





ON TWO WHEELS *continued*

Suzukis and Kawasakis, along with the deep growl of the odd Harley Davidson. The main attraction at Chrome Corner this year was a Münch Mammoth, the behemoth of bikedom with a 1,200-cc. engine and a voice like imminent doom. "Bloody 'ell," muttered one Manxman as the passing Mammoth shivered his pint of bitter, "a bloke could 'ang three sidecars on that bay-sickle and still have power left over."

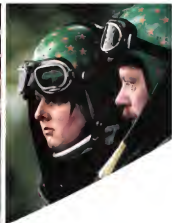
The main point of the exercise, of course, is not show but go. When the road course is not in use by the competitors for either practice or racing, it is open to the bike crowd for pleasure. Or whatever you call it. The only way to appreciate what the Manx TT really means is to take a turn around the circuit with an expert rider, and Tommy Robb is just such a man. At the age of 37, this diminutive Northern Irishman

has been racing bikes for 22 years, and though he has never won a world championship he is a deeply respected pro. Robb is only a bit taller than a pint of ale but twice as sparkling. He was not entered in this year's TT because, as he put it, "I somehow managed to come off me machine during a race in Southern Ireland a few days ago, and the bones haven't mended yet." He was in good enough shape, however, to give a racer's-eye view of the course.

From the start-finish line at the Grandstand just outside Douglas, the road almost immediately pours down the steepest incline of the race, Bray Hill, which a rider like Agostini takes at 150 mph, bumps and all. At the bottom comes a hard right-hander called Quarter Bridge, followed almost immediately by another called Braddan. "There's a jump at the bottom of Braddan," says Robb, sweeping through the corner. "See that little house at the apex of the corner? I once

came blowing through here and saw the marshals dragging two riders out of the house from where they'd ended up under the piano." The road sweeps in a series of left and right bends through Unson Mills, Ballagany Corner, Highladder and Greeba Castle—a narrow ribbon of tarmac lined with beautiful but murderous beech trees. At Ballacraigne, about 7½ miles from the start, the riders hang a hard right and head north into the tricky Laurel Bank section. Here the countryside is at its most pastoral: lilacs and gaudy rhododendrons line the road, sheep graze stupidly on the lush hillsides, watching the blur of passing traffic. "This stretch is the most dangerous because the banks are solid rock," says Tommy Robb. "You must let the bike drift through the corners to find the best line, and often you must brush the banks with your shoulder. If you come off down here, you'll soap within your own body length, like a bug hitting a windscreen."

From the 11th milestone at the town



From the collective glitter of Chrome Corner to the tight curves of the course (and a few spectators), the Isle of Man presents a panorama of moors during Tourist Trophy Week: the pace is in bloom and the hills are alive with the sound of that special motorcycle music.

of Cronk-y-Voddy, one catches a view of the sea—just a blue flash between the sheep meadows. "A young Irish friend of mine was killed here not long ago," says Tommy. "I saw the body lying beside the road but I didn't recognize him, otherwise I would have been too heartsick to continue." Handley's Cottage flicks past in the midst of an S bend taken at 100 mph, then the village of Barregarrow (pronounced, oddly enough, Big Arrow), where the needle hits 120 and the sound of the engine echoing off the stucco walls nearly knocks the bike flat. Robb lines up by means of telephone poles, sewer grates (dangerous in the wet) and yard gates. "This gate up at the Kirk Michael Corner used to be green. When they painted it blue, they bloody nigh killed me first time around in practice. The important thing about this course is memory—you must know every bend by heart."

Then comes the humpbacked bridge at Ballaugh, where the bikes take to the air for distances up to 16 feet, followed by an immediate right-left chicane. "The

line takes you within inches of the wall of that pub there," says Tommy. "Mis-calculate and you're likely to be poured out of the tap." Across the road from the pub is a fence post on which is mounted a brass bas-relief showing a rather dish-faced motorcyclist of the prewar years. His lips are curled in an enigmatic smile. "Karl Gall, 1903-1939," reads the inscription. "Seine Freunde." One of the victims of Ballaugh Bridge.

After the jump one enters the Quarry Bends—three of them, left-right-left—taken at 100, and then comes the fastest level part of the course, the Sulby Straight. Here the road is rough and pitted, but the good riders can take it at 140. "Until this year we had to practice early in the mornings, getting up at four a.m. and onto the road before dawn. You'd zip your leathers up over your pajamas and try to stay awake while going a ton. Right here at the end of Sulby Straight the sun would suddenly ambush you—nearly blind you. I'm glad there's no more morning practice."

The bikes slow a bit as they weave

through the city of Ramsey at the north end of the island, then strain through a series of switchbacks—the Harpin, the Waterworks Corners, the Gooseneck—as they climb Mount Snaefell. "Up here the enemy is fog," says Tommy. "It can drop down unexpected like, and suddenly you find yourself in the middle of a cloud at 120, no sign of the road. See that stone post beside the road? A friend of mine lost it up here and slid hundreds of feet through the fog to hit that post. It killed him. The only unmovable object in the vicinity."

The rest is all downhill, a severe test of brakes and gearboxes. "This is Windy Corner," explains Tommy as a gust blasts up, wet and wild, from the seaside town of Laxey. "I broke my neck right here in 1960; the cold wind caused my goggles to steam up. Crunch!" Past Kate's Cottage, Creg-ny-Baa, Brandish Corner, Cronk-ny-Mona, Signpost Corner and finally Governor's Bridge, then the road levels out and, in a final burst of speed, the finish line whips past. "Aye," sighs Tommy Robb with contentment, "nothing like an afternoon's ride in the country."

As challenging and exhilarating as the Manx TT course can be to a rider, it is a bit of a drag to the spectator—a point that became frustratingly clear on Monday during the first important race of the week's eight. This was the International Junior TT for 350-cc. bikes, five laps for a total of 188.65 miles. The trouble with such a long course is that the fans get to see the riders only a few times per race, and then only for a few

continued

raucous seconds per pass. Those who had chosen Ballaugh Bridge as a vantage point were graced with the sight of Agostini jumping five times—first the snarl of the MV's engine as it charged down through the approaching corners, then the sight of Agostini—a blur of white leathers on a red bike—then the incredibly balletic leap of man and machine, followed by a quick vroom and another 22-minute wait. Fortunately, there was the pub on the bridge corner,

Y Fecagh (The Raven), with an endless supply of ale and race talk to while away the pauses. With Britons Phil Read, Tony Jefferies and John Cooper dropping out during the early going, Agostini had it all his own way, winning with an average speed of 102.03 mph. "I think maybe I would have had time to stop for an English pint," the Italian said later. "Sure I slowed down a bit, but there was nobody to challenge me."

The afternoon's sidecar race went, as expected, to the West Germans, who

have dominated three-wheeled bike racing for nearly two decades. Still, for the predominantly British fans, it was just one more ho-hum case of Deutschland über alles on three wheels. Not in the least the real thing.

A day of rest and a day of drenching rain delayed the first taste of the real thing until Thursday. While many of the bored fans watched the Epsom Derby on the telly, others bided their time at Summerland, a huge new indoor amusement park at the north end of the Douglas Promenade, playing such things as Super Sniper, Louisiana Stakes, New Pussy Shooter (a gun game in which

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERRY CARRAM



the object is to shoot plastic cats off a plastic fence) or riding the Moonbug for 10 pence a throw. By Thursday the weather had cleared enough for racing (though four previously scheduled cremations at the Douglas cemetery had to be postponed so that the riders would not get smoke in their eyes). Phil Read jumped off to nearly a minute's lead on the first lap, riding the fastest of what the announcer called "the ubiquitous Yamahas" in the four-lap, 250-cc. International Lightweight TT. He was never fronted, winning with an average speed of 99.38 mph—well below the standard of 103.07 set in 1967 by Mike Hailwood on a Honda.

The big race of the day, however, was the highly touted Formula 750 International, a five-lapper for the biggest racing bikes in the world. Since the Formula 750 has not yet been sanctioned for world championship points by the FIM, Agostini was not riding (he maintained, however, that MV Agusta will have a 750-cc. bike for him next season). Here the interest revolved around

the return of Team Norton to active competition for the first time since 1956. With Read, Cooper and the promising young engineer-cum-rider Peter Williams up on the three new Norton Commandos, it seemed that the grand old English marque might raise a serious challenge to Triumph, the current king of the 750 road. But it was not to be—not this year, at least. By the end of the first lap both Read and Cooper were out of the race, Read with a seized gearbox and Cooper . . . "Bloody hell, the gear lever fell off." Williams made it partly into the second lap before his own gearbox failed. So much for Norton. The race went handily to Ray Pickrell of Triumph, who set the first new record of the week: 104.23 mph for the distance, with a single record fast lap of 105.68, more than two miles an hour better than the old mark. It was the second victory of the week for Pickrell, who had won the kickoff event, a 750-cc. production race, also on a Triumph.

On Friday, the last day of the meet, the rains descended once again out of the northwest in cold sheets that stung like hail. This time the weather would prove fatal. The first race of the day was a three-lap International Ultra Lightweight TT for 125-cc. bikes. The season's point leader, Italy's Gilberto Parloti, ripped into the lead right from the start on his Morbidelli, with last year's race winner, Charlie Mortimer, in close pursuit on a Yamaha. Then, halfway through the second lap, the mists of Snaefell did their dirty number on the upper reaches of the mountain road. At a bleak spot called The Verandah, Parloti lost control in the fog, came off his bike and slammed into the same concrete post that had killed Tommy Robb's

friend. Parloti had put in 60 practice laps—nearly 2,300 miles of riding—an preparation for this, his first and last Manx TT. He was dead on arrival by helicopter at Douglas's Noble Hospital. Mortimer, an ex-public school boy known to his fans as The Toff and a close friend of Parloti despite their competitive differences, won the race at an average speed of 87.49 mph. "The conditions were terrible," he said at the finish line, shivering around a cup of tea. "I've never been so glad to get off a bike."

Because of his countryman's death, Giacomo Agostini very nearly did not get on a bike that afternoon. Agostini is as safety-conscious as his four-wheeled counterpart, Jackie Stewart, and has long been an outspoken critic of the Manx course dangers. "Because of Parloti's death and the appalling conditions," he said later, "we tried to ring Agusta in Italy and ask for permission not to race in the senior 500-cc. event. But the lines were constantly engaged and we could not reach him." Had the rain continued, Agostini would not have raced regardless of what the factory said, but by four p.m. the skies had cleared and the track was dry. Out he went, one more time, on the loud red MV.

And one more time it was no contest. Though he started in the third row, a full 20 seconds behind the first bikes off the block, Agostini took the lead on the road by the time he reached Ballacraane Corner and kept it for the entire six-lap, 226.38-mile distance. His winning margin over the runner-up, his teammate Alberto Paganà on another MV Agusta 500, was nearly eight minutes, but his winning average speed of 104.02 was short of Mike Hailwood's record 105.62. Nonetheless, considering the stresses of both weather and personal loss (Parloti was a close friend), it was an impressive victory, and one that earned Agostini a long way closer to clinching his 11th world championship. "You know my views about how dangerous this course is," Agostini said later. He was standing under the flapping, three-legged Manx flag at the Grandstand. "I have won another TT, but I had some really frightening moments doing it."

That, of course, is what the Isle of Man is all about. Only after conquering the fear can one say sincerely: "Quocunque jeceris stabit." **END**

King of all cycling, the dashing Agostini carried on—and won—despite the 11th lap crash that snuffed out the life of a friend.





THEY FOLLOW IN HIS FOOTSTEPS

On a clear day Riva Ridge ran forever, leading from start to finish in the Belmont Stakes. But for a dislike of stormy weather and muddy tracks, he probably would have won the elusive Triple Crown **by WHITNEY TOWER**

It is nearly a quarter of a century since Citation won the last Triple Crown. With every year that passes, people wonder if winning the Triple Crown is still possible. Well, it is according to Citation's trainer, Jimmy Jones. What one needs he says is 1) the best colt, 2) a sound one and 3) one that will run on any kind of track, come hell or high water. The water was what did Riva Ridge in.

After his seven-length victory in last week's Belmont Stakes, no one any longer could doubt that Mrs. Penny Tweedy's bay is by far the best of the classic colts. He had looked it in the Kentucky Derby, running away with that by more than three lengths, but then came the

raids and the Preakness, and Riva slogged home fourth. If the track at Pimlico had only been dry, there is every likelihood that the colt would have outdistanced his rivals as he now has done in the other two Triple Crown events.

On the day of the Preakness, Lucien Laurin, Riva's trainer, steadfastly maintained that the sloppy surface would not bother his colt, and even after the result proved conclusively that it did, Laurin, in his disappointment and frustration, blamed his jockey, Ron Turcotte, for the dismal performance. As congenial as he is, Laurin occasionally talks too much after thinking too little, especially at times when one of his horses has lost.

He was soon apologizing to Turcotte for the blast, and as a demonstration of faith in his fellow Canadian, Laurin put the jockey back on Riva in the Belmont. "If I really had meant what I said about Ron in my flare-up following the Preakness," the trainer explained, "do you think I would be riding him back in the big one?"

The Belmont was held before 54,634 people. Over 82,000 had crowded into the racetrack for the 1971 running, which featured the unsuccessful Canonero II. Though he obviously does not have the charisma of the Venezuelan horse, Riva Ridge has a more impressive record. He now has 11 victories in 15 lifetime starts



Riva Ridge cuts a swiftness down the stretch, outdistancing Key to the Mint and Ruritania.

eight in 53 years]," said Burch, "is that the Belmont distance has been the downfall of many seeming champions. Until a horse runs that far, no one knows for sure about his stamina."

One fast-closing colt whom many expected to test Riva Ridge was Joe Straus' No Le Haze. Because of his rushing second-place finishes in both the Derby and Preakness, the extra distance of the Belmont was thought to suit the colt perfectly. But No Le Haze, who carried the hopes and hundreds of thousands of dollars of Spanish Harlem, was not at his best on Belmont Day. His trainer, Homer Pardue, admitted that in the preceding week the horse had lost 50 pounds and with it, quite possibly, his competitiveness. A boil on the inside of his nose had been lanced, which may have eased the pain but, no doubt, took his mind off his running.

Look for a fresh horse for the Belmont, they say, and in recent seasons this has sometimes been good advice. Cavan, Stage Door Johnny and, last year, Pass Catcher did not appear in the early classics but won the Belmont. In the 1972 field there were at least two new faces, the long shots Ruritania and Cloudy Dawn, that deserved some attention. Ruritania belongs to Greentree Stable, an outfit that has won four Belmonts, and anyone who recalled Stage Door Johnny's upset in 1968 had to respect this latest Greentree entry despite his modest past performances. It was much the same sort of reasoning that drew backers to Cloudy Dawn. He would carry the famous white and red-dotted silks of the Woodward family, whose horses had been victorious in seven Belmonts (Gallant Fox, Faureno, Omaha, Granville, Johnstown, Nashua, Damascus). Had Cloudy Dawn any less celebrated connections, he would have been written off. In fact friends of the colt's owners, Billy and Tommy Bancroft, grandsons of William Woodward, had teased them about entering the horse just to be invited to a free lunch in the Trustees' Room at Belmont Park. "It wasn't our idea at all," said Billy Bancroft. "Our trainer and jockey—Frank Whiteley and Bill Hartack—made the

decision." These two men do not send a horse to the post without purpose, especially in the Belmont. So Cloudy Dawn was backed down, perhaps farther than his record justified, to 19 to 1.

As the horses lined up for the start on a chilly afternoon Riva Ridge was the favorite at 3 to 2. The gate banged open and Smiling Jack on the outside sought the lead, but Turcotte and Riva Ridge, breaking from the inside stall, forged ahead. In the paddock, Laurin had told Turcotte, "If no horse beats you to the first turn, go to the front if you want. But whatever you do, don't fight this colt if he wants to run." Turcotte believed that if he could take the lead and slow the pace to 48 seconds for the first half mile, his horse would have enough left for the rest of the trip. As it turned out, the jockey was able to do precisely what he planned. He led the field to the first quarter in 23½ and the half in exactly 48, with Smiling Jack half a length behind and Key to the Mint lapped on him. At the end of a mile in 1:36½ Riva remained a length ahead of Key to the Mint, as Smiling Jack began to fade. But the expected challenge on the far turn never materialized. Key to the Mint halfheartedly attempted to close ground but at just that moment Riva spurred off into a three-length lead. He more than doubled that margin through the long stretch. The only real contest was for second money. Both Ruritania, who charged from sixth place, and Cloudy Dawn, whom Hartack had loafed with in last place, passed Key to the Mint. In the end Ruritania outgamed the Bancroft colt by three-quarters of a length. Five lengths further back was a thoroughly beaten and tired Key to the Mint. Riva Ridge, clocked in 2:28, had run the third fastest Belmont in history, faster than Triple Crown winners Count Fleet and Citation, and slower only than Gallant Man's 2:26½ track-record performance and Stage Door Johnny's 2:27½. He joined Zev, Twenty Grand, Johnstown, Shut Out, Middleground, Needles and Chateaugay as the eighth horse to win the Derby-Belmont double with a Preakness defeat in between.

"It just kills me that we got beat at Pimlico," Laurin said, sipping the victor's champagne. "We wanted the Triple Crown very much." END

and earnings exceeding \$800,000. Curiously, the son of First Landing has never finished second or third; he either wins or finishes fourth or worse. But more significant, at least from Laurin's point of view prior to the Belmont, was that "once Riva Ridge has taken a clear lead in any race he has ever been in, he has never been beaten."

If the Belmont were an average-length contest Laurin's statistic would have been convincing. But the Belmont is run instead over a mile and a half and pace-setters rarely win. Should Riva go to the lead immediately, he was certain to face severe challenges late in the race. One surely could be expected from Key to the Mint, who had finished just ahead of Laurin's colt in the Preakness and who was said to be ready to run the race of his life. Furthermore, his trainer Eltrott Burch was 3 for 3 in the Belmont. "One of the reasons we do not have more Triple Crown winners [only



KEEPING A CLOSE EYE ON THE BALL

Which is what the women pros did last week, especially when it belonged to Jane Blalock, who was accused of cheating by BARRY McDERMOTT

At its own special version of Armageddon crept closer last week the tight little world of the Ladies Professional Golf Association entered a state of suspension. The country's best women golfers were gathered at the Pleasant Valley Country Club just outside Sutton, Mass., but the talk was not about the \$50,000 Eve-LPGA Championship, the most prestigious event run by the women pros. Instead it focused on Jane Blalock, a determined, iconoclastic, 26-year-old blonde who is a fine golfer, the tour's leading money-earner and, to hear the LPGA tell it, a cheat.

Miss Blalock stood accused of golf's most appalling sin, the one of deceit. The LPGA claimed proof that the tour's Most Improved Golfer the last two years also had been improving things on the greens, moving her ball away from spike marks. For her alleged transgressions she was suspended by the LPGA for a year.

As acrimonious rumors whirled around Pleasant Valley, everybody seemed to agree on at least two points: Jane Blalock was fighting to survive, and the course, this week anyway, was not living up to its happy name. The controversy deepened as the week lengthened and wounds were opened that would fester far beyond this Wednesday, when the LPGA and Miss Blalock would meet in the U.S. District Court in Atlanta to contest her \$5 million antitrust suit against the association. The LPGA planned to make all its evidence public at the hearing. Jane would leave it to the court whether she had been suspended wrongly.

The public seemed amazed by the harshness of the LPGA's ruling. Nobody should have been, supporters of

the association point out. In their strict view golf is a game that survives on integrity. Other sports may applaud those who can bend rules to their advantage, like the baseball pitcher who throws a spitball or the football lineman who has become adept at holding against the pass rush. But by its nature golf demands that its players strenuously police themselves. In those rare cases when they do not, the ones who are caught cheating are dealt with summarily. This year the men's tour lifted the playing privileges of Rogelio Gonzalez, a Colombian, after he altered and turned in an incorrect scorecard at the Greater New Orleans Open. A few years ago an American professional was caught moving a ball marker forward a foot or two on the back of his flanged putter. He would walk toward the hole, surreptitiously dropping the ball marker considerably closer to the cup than it had been. Found out in the fall, he was suspended. He was allowed to rejoin the professionals the following spring.

The present scandal surfaced almost a month ago. After the second round of the Bluegrass Invitational in Louisville the LPGA executive board—the five-woman ruling body of the tour—called in Miss Blalock and informed her she was disqualified from the tournament, contending she had been observed moving her ball illegally on a green. A \$500 fine was levied.

Currents of tension and apprehension swept through the tour. They increased when Miss Blalock was ordered in by the executive board for two more meetings, first at the Titleholders Tournament in Southern Pines, N.C., next in Baltimore at the Lady Carling Open. After the latter the board suspended Miss Blalock for a year. Subsequently she countered with her lawsuit and obtained a temporary restraining order against the suspension. The war was on.

The executive board claims that Miss

Blalock has been under suspicion for over a year, that there have been repeated violations, that witnesses in the gallery at Louisville had observed her replacing the ball to the side of her marker on the green and that Jane tearfully admitted to her guilt. Miss Blalock was denying everything.

The adversaries in the confrontation seem as disparate as fire and rain. On one side stands the executive board made up of playing pros: Cynthia Sullivan, president; Judy Rankin, vice-president; Linda Craft, secretary; Penny Zavichas, treasurer; and Sharon Miller, member-at-large. These five represent the Establishment on the tour, the workers. On the other side is Jane Blalock, a girl who by her own definition is not a mixer. The women's tour is one of the bastions of conservatism, but Jane has the peace symbol on her bank checks and on her golf bag there is a sign, POW'S NEVER HAVE A NICE DAY. While she is now the tour's big money-winner, she is also a girl who has never paid her dues by serving voluntarily, as have many other pros, on a tour committee.

Jane Blalock grew up in Portsmouth, N.H. and as a teen-ager compiled a lukewarm amateur record in the New England area. Her golfing talent appeared so meager when she graduated from Rollins College in Florida that she returned home to teach school. After an unsatisfying year she borrowed some money from her mother and drove back to Florida, where she contacted Bob Toski, recognized as one of the finest teachers in golf. Toski was impressed—in particular with her tenacious attitude—and agreed to tutor her. Jane stayed in Florida for five weeks, living in a rundown, bug-infested hotel for \$12 a week. At night she propped a chair against the door to keep out unwanted visitors.

The following winter she returned to work at Toski's club. She cleared \$42 a week plus room and board in exchange for which she labored almost from dawn to dusk retrieving balls on his driving range, serving as a starter and doing odd jobs. She also listened as Toski advised students on the practice tee. At 23, having never won a tournament outside New England, she became a pro.

"Her determination was something that really impressed me," says Jan Ferraris, Jane's traveling companion for her first few months on the tour. "You could just read it in her face. Even though she

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN O. BARTON

Blalock carefully marks her ball on the green, something fellow pros, led by Cynthia Sullivan (above), charged she did not always do.

had done nothing as an amateur she had this confidence in herself. Jane could tell that her perseverance was going to pay off, that she was going to make it. She did what a lot of other people can't do, put pressure on herself and produced. The more pressure Jane put on herself the better she got."

Jane was awed with the mental effort Jane put into the game. Frequently during long drives between tournaments Jan would ask Janie what she was thinking about. "My swing," invariably was the reply. "We'd be watching television," says Jan, "and all of a sudden she'd say, 'I just thought of something.' She'd get a club and go to the mirror and work on her swing."

Jane Blalock's single-minded devotion to her game undoubtedly is one reason why she is not particularly admired by the other women. As the husband of one of them said prophetically before play began in Sutton, "It takes a certain kind of person—and I know I wouldn't want to be that kind—to be able to play well while all this is going on. I think Jane is that way."

Jane won less than \$4,000 her first year, picked up her first title and \$12,000 the next and last season jumped to third on the money list with \$34,600 and two victories. Despite her troubles she had earned as much by midseason this year, winning two tournaments, including the Dinah Shore-Colgate event in Palm Springs, Calif. worth \$20,000.

But last week many of Jane's peers were treating her like anything but the group's leading money-winner. They snubbed her and her family, put pressure on her friends to ignore her and seemed determined to continue the mistreatment until she was ruined. As one player said, the majority apparently wanted to plow her under.

"I like to feel that I am a compassionate person," said Janie one evening, reviewing the situation. "And it disturbs me that I see so many other girls without compassion. The last few weeks I'd walk into a roomful of people talking and they'd stop when they saw me. It was like everyone knew something except me. It was a feeling of complete anxiety. I couldn't eat. I'd be in bed with my eyes open. If I ever came close to losing my mind, it was then. They were playing games with a person's life. I don't think they realize it."

But there was another game being

played, one with stocks and dimpled stones instead of singing names, the one for the LPGA Championship, the third richest event on the circuit. Jane arrived filled with apprehension and started with a bogey by three-putting the first hole, but then she settled down to subpar golf for most of the day until she bogeyed three of the final four holes. Still, she had played well enough to share the lead with seven others.

"Look at her," said one of the golfers as Jane was surrounded by reporters, a sight often repeated during the week. "If I had been caught doing what she was doing, I wouldn't have the nerve to show my face around here. I'd be in South America."

"If I can get by today, I can do anything," said Jane. "It's really hard to put into words the way I felt, playing. I knew it was going to be either real good, or real bad." And then she added: "I had a good putting round—even over the spike marks."

Jane could laugh but, like a raindrop skidding haphazardly down a windowpane, the hysteria surrounding her gathered momentum as the tournament progressed. Her father said there was a newspaper article that suggested Jane had a drug problem stemming from the medication she took for a back condition. Another rumor had it that Jane's fellow pros would boycott future tournaments if she continued to play. For fear of sabotage she took to carrying her putter and driver back to her motel room.

All this was bound to have some effect. In the second and third rounds the gallery continued to swarm after Jane, much as the curious flock to airplane crashes and automobile wrecks. Her putts stopped falling, and first LPGA Committeewoman Miller and then Kathy Ahern took the lead.

Sharon Miller is a 31-year-old former schoolteacher from Battle Creek, Mich., who failed to win in her first six years on the tour. Earlier in the week Sharon pulled seven birds from ponds on the golf course property, and she seemed on her way to landing a bigger catch after her second-round 72. Alas, on Saturday she played like a fish out of water, shooting a fat 79, and fell back onto a tie for second place with Miss Blalock and Sayoko Yamazaki.

Miss Yamazaki is one of a quartet of Japanese girls on the women's tour this year who spend their time smiling and

bowing—and driving to distraction those American girls who attempt to analyze the visitors' golf swings. They move back off the ball on their backswings, then move back into the shot in a swaying motion on their downswings. Very bad form. Very good results.

When she is connecting, Miss Ahern, who shot a 76 and took the lead on Saturday, might be the longest hitter on the tour. "It doesn't get this cold in Texas in November," she said after her round in the blustery weather. That was quite a statement for Kathy, possibly the shyest person ever to come out of the Lone Star state. "Sometimes she gets embarrassed when she hits a good shot in front of a large gallery," said Judy Rankin.

Sunday dawned bright and clear, quite a change from the earlier weather, and there was no evidence of Miss Ahern's embarrassment, either. After Miss Blalock caught Kathy by birdieing the first hole, the 23-year-old Texan reeled off five birdies on the front side and charged into an insurmountable six-stroke lead. She finished with a 69 and the first-place check for \$7,500. Jane had to be content with second place, which was a rather remarkable accomplishment under the circumstances, and \$5,400, money that will be spent or returned depending upon the outcome of her legal case. Before the tournament she posted a \$10,000 bond which insured that if she lost in court, any money she won on the golf course would be remitted to the LPGA.

But what happened in the tournament was never as important during the week as what was happening to Jane Blalock and the LPGA. The entire affair raised inevitable questions about the administration of a sport in which peers sat in judgment of a fellow competitor. A few years ago, before Lenny Wirtz resigned as executive director of the LPGA, he decided what should be done in delicate situations and submitted his recommendations for the women's endorsement. That changed when the women forced Wirtz out and hired Bud Erickson to replace him. Now executive director more in name than fact, Erickson does the women's bidding. His primary duties are to develop new business by signing up tournaments. Erickson did not take part in the meetings between Miss Blalock and the executive board.

"We're not denying her a right to earn a living," he said last week, per-

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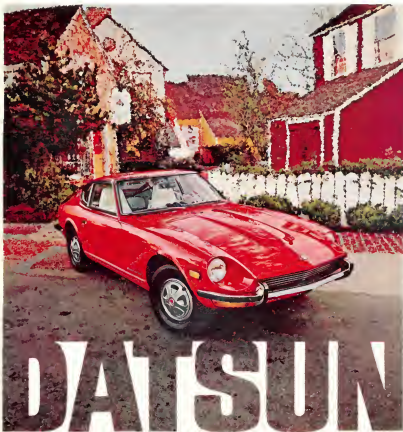
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FROM NISSAN WITH PRIDE

haps forecasting the LPGA's legal argument: "She can always teach history."

"Rather than teaching history, I think I'm making some right now," was June's dry reply.

Certainly she is making the kind of money she could not as a teacher. Conservatively, a year's suspension would cost Jane Blalock about \$150,000. \$50,000 in prize money she might have won and \$100,000 in endorsements, legal fees and future damage to her golf game as she tried to come back after a year's absence from competition. As Erickson said last week, perhaps inadvertently, "I know one major airline that was talking to her about representing them and I think they're going to seriously reconsider any contract now."

Jane's supporters argue that if she indeed had been under suspicion for a year, why was she never told about it? And if there had been repeated instances of cheating, why had not penalties been assessed as they occurred and the rules demand?

Convinced of her own righteousness, Jane rejected a protective cover offered by Erickson. "We told Janie we were going to suspend her," Erickson said, "but we said we'd let her announce that she was dropping off with a bad back or some other imaginary ailment. We couldn't see any reason to embarrass her."

Jane's back pains are not imaginary, but maybe, says her old coach Toska, her defense is "I think Jane got into this habit [of moving her butt away from spike marks] subconsciously. She has a compulsion to win. I believe she needs psychiatric help. The other players tell me this has been going on for a while and they have affidavits, pictures, everything to prove their side. The sad part is that Jane doesn't need to resort to this because she has the talent to win."

Just as sure on Janie's side was her candidate from the Suzuki tournament who contacted her with an offer to testify in her behalf. Obviously it was all very confusing and perhaps in the end, even with a judicial finding, nobody will know for sure whether the game's brightest new star did, one or more times, knowingly or unknowingly, improve her chances of winning by edging her ball slightly to the side or whether she was a victim of her own lonely success. Saddest of all, no one—Janie Blalock or whoever—could be the winner.

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HOCKEY'S TURN TO WAGE A WAR

Following the example of other pro sports, an upstart league is betting \$2 million it can swipe Bobby Hull from the established NHL and hack it out on the ice in a test of the continent's hockey hunger

by MARK MULVOY

There is a theory abroad that North America has an insatiable appetite for anything called major league ice hockey. The events of last week, during which the National Hockey League stocked its two newest expansion teams with the usual castoffs while awarding two more franchises for 1974, and the fledgling World Hockey Association culled the majors, minors and countless overseas for anyone not patently 4-F, made it clear that that theory will be tested sharply, and soon.

The NHL governors conferred 42 marginal players upon their newest lodge brothers, the Atlanta Flames and the New York Islanders, and it took statisticians nothing flat to show that Boston's Phil Esposito scored as many goals last season (66) as all the new Islanders combined, 13 more than all the Flames. Then the governors paused to play a game of political puck with 10 applications for the franchises in a 1974-75 expansion before settling finally on Kansas City and, with a bow to Senate Minority Leader Hugh Scott (R., Pa.), Washington, D.C.

Most of their private talks, though, centered anxiously on that star of stars, 33-year-old Bobby Hull (see cover), and on the WHA. Four months ago WHA might have meant Waukegan Harmonica Association for all they cared. But by last weekend the new league had signed 69 players, including 22 who performed in the NHL last season, and it is just about certain the WHA will start play as promised this October. And Hull may be with 'em.

Ben Hatskins, said to be the jukebox king of Canada, has offered Hull \$2 million to sign a five-year contract as the player-coach of his Winnipeg Jets in the WHA. When and if Hatskins deposits a \$1 million advance in Hull's bank account, the Golden Jet will indeed be the Golden Jet.

"I've made a verbal deal with Winnipeg and the WHA," Hull said last weekend. "If they make good on it, I'm

gone. They will have themselves a hockey player. I would be a fool not to take advantage of an offer like this. But the money will have to be in the bank before I put my signature on the dotted line."

Hull's jump from Chicago to Winnipeg apparently hinges on the willingness of the 10 other WHA teams to contribute \$100,000 apiece to a Giet Hull fund reminiscent of the ABA kitty assembled in 1969 for Lew Alcindor—unsuccessfully. Hatskins would provide the other \$1 million. Although all the WHA owners reportedly agreed to such an arrangement several weeks ago, some were said to be wavering, weighing Hull's prestige and gate appeal against the player strength available for \$100,000.

If Hatskins and the WHA fail to produce the money soon, Hull probably will sign another contract with the Black Hawks for not much more than the reported \$150,000 a year they have been paying him. There also is a possibility that Chicago will trade Hull to Jack Kent Cooke's Los Angeles Kings. Cooke desperately needs a man of Hull's cal-

iber to create hockey interest in Los Angeles, one of the few NHL cities that doesn't draw very well, and he supposedly is willing to pay Hull as much as it will take to keep him happy in the NHL and away from the WHA.

Hull and the Black Hawks have not been on friendly terms the last three years. Hull believes he was humiliated in 1969 when the Hawks scheduled one of the few downtown press conferences in their history and forced him to apologize publicly for an extended holdout. "I can never forget what they did to me then," he has said.

The Hawks also required Hull to play a more controlled style of hockey, no longer permitting him to freewheel in the way that once enchanted his admirers. There is no doubt that he longs for the old days, although he does admit "this new style will lengthen my career by three or four years."

Hull's next move will either start a legal war between the NHL and the WHA over the reserve clause in Hull's contract with the Black Hawks, or it will enable the NHL to relax again un-

ANATOMY OF THE

TEAM	MANAGER
Alberta Oilers	Bill Hunter
Chicago Cougars	Ed Short
Houston Aeros	Jim Smith
Los Angeles Sharks	Dennis Murphy
Minnesota Fighting Saints	Glen Sonmor
New England Whalers	Jack Kelley
New York Raiders	Marvin Milkes
Ottawa Nationals	Buck Houle
Philadelphia Blazers	None
Quebec Nordiques	None
Winnipeg Jets	Annis Stokus

***Solid **Good for short term *Questionable

in, say, someone like the young hotshot Gilbert Perreault, who prefers his native Quebec to Buffalo, jumps leagues.

Of the 22 players who have jumped so far, the NHL considers only one, Goaltender Bernie Parent, a major loss. The nonhousehold names in the chart below plus the gaps at the coaching level graphically demonstrate how far the WHA has to go. (Ratings of the teams' staying qualities reflect potential spectator support, arenas and club bankrolls.) Parent bolted the Toronto Maple Leafs and signed a five-year, \$750,000 contract with the Miami Screaming Eagles of the WHA, who subsequently became the Philadelphia Blazers. As of now the NHL owners do not plan to sue players who have already agreed to terms with the WHA. But if Hull goes, or Perreault, they will.

What the NHL wants to do least of all is engage in a costly fight with the WHA over Hull or any other player. "Two of our owners [Cooke of the Kings and Roy Boe of the New York Islanders] also own professional basketball teams," said Weston W. Adams Jr., the 27-year-old president of the Boston Bruins, "and they keep getting up at our meetings and telling us to learn from the mistakes they made, not to get involved in endless money wars."

Obviously the NHL has some fast learners, particularly in politics. As the

owners met to discuss the 1974 expansion, the Kansas City application (actually for the well-to-do Johnson County, Kans. suburban area) was practically guaranteed a favorable reception. One of the prospective owners happened to be the son of William M. Jennings, president of the New York Rangers and the most powerful voice in the league. The leading candidates for the second franchise were, in order, Cincinnati, Phoenix and Cleveland. Then politics skated into play.

Senator Scott dispatched a long telegram to the governors. He mentioned that President Nixon was behind the proposed Eisenhower Sports Center in Washington and that an NHL franchise would be most welcome. Scott, as the governors knew, is a member of the Senate Judiciary Committee, which has an Antitrust Subcommittee. "After Senator Scott's telegram," Adams said, "we received a lot of pressure from Washington through phone calls. They all said the same thing: Washington should have a franchise. Well, why not? It will never hurt us to have a team in the nation's capital." Now Washington will have a hockey team and it may get the Baltimore Bullets, too, since Abe Pollin owns both franchises.

What worries the NHL, however, is that some of the rejected applicants, particularly Cleveland, Cincinnati, Phoenix

and San Diego, will bid for WHA franchises rather than wait for the next NHL expansion in, perhaps, 1976. The NHL plans to have 24 teams in North America by the 1980s. Joining the WHA might be a wiser proposition, financially as well as competitively.

For his franchise Roy Boe of the Islanders paid \$6 million to the NHL and \$4 million to the New York Rangers (for infringing upon their territory). Including interest payments, Boe projects a total cost of more than \$19 million over the next 10 years. On the ice his prospects are hardly bright. Indeed, only one of the existing eight expansion teams in the NHL had a winning record last season. The parity gap between the old and new teams has widened, not narrowed, since the first expansion in 1967.

By contrast a WHA franchise cost only \$25,000 when the league was formed and now the price is about \$200,000. Expenses fluctuate with the initiative of the team. The New England Whalers spent freely to sign 14 players and easily have the strongest team in the WHA, but Quebec, Ottawa and Chicago, reluctant to splurge, had signed only three players among them.

One major hurdle for all WHA teams will be the availability of adequate playing facilities with prime scheduling dates, Alberta, Ottawa, Chicago and probably Philadelphia will play most of their home games in buildings with capacities under 10,000. The New York Raiders, who are up against the Rangers and the Islanders for Fun City's hockey dollar, will play all their games in Madison Square Garden and the Whalers will play about half theirs in Boston Garden, but both teams have been offered mostly unattractive dates, such as Christmas and New Year's Eve as well as Saturday and Sunday afternoons and Monday nights opposite the pro-football telecasts.

Well, at least The Boom is back in the spotlight. Boom-Boom Geoffrion, the former Montreal gunner, is in Atlanta, coaching the Flames and telling all his Montreal cronies in his heavy, French-accented voice, "Y'all come down and see us now, heah."

Meanwhile Winnipeg pleads with Hull to come on up. And he's listening. "The name of the game now," Hull says, "is money."

END

WORLD HOCKEY ASSOCIATION

COACH	BEST PLAYER	PROSPECTS OF SURVIVAL
None	Eddie Joyal	**
None	Bob Kelly†	"
Bill Dineen	John Schella	"
Terry Slater	George Gardner	"
Sonnor	Wayne Connelly	***
Kelley	Tom Webster	***
Camille Henry	Bill Flett	**
None	Bob Leduc	"
None	Bernie Parent	"
None	None Signed	**
None	Ernie Wakely	**

†Signed also with Philadelphia of the NHL.

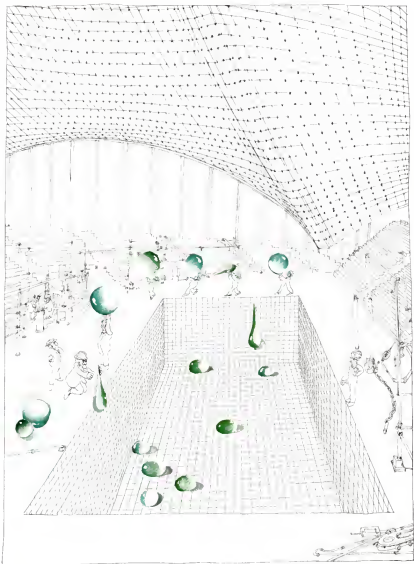
MUNICH'S BILLION-DOLLAR BABY

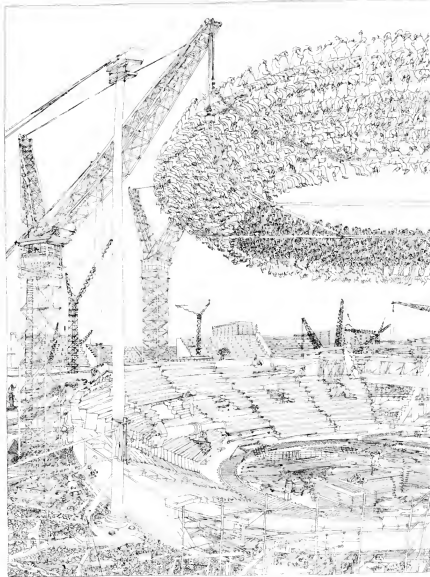
The Olympic Games have grown so big that, like a protazoan, they have split in two. One half is the competition, the other the preparation. In the past six years Munich has spent \$1 billion building and refurbishing itself for the Olympics. And these Games were supposed to be an "intimate affair, emphasizing the human scale, underscoring the union of body and mind." Hoo boy! The installations are bigger, better and more costly than ever; and there are new freeways, new hotels, new restaurants, new stores, new public gardens, new discothèques and a new subway. There are also new estimates daily—for example,

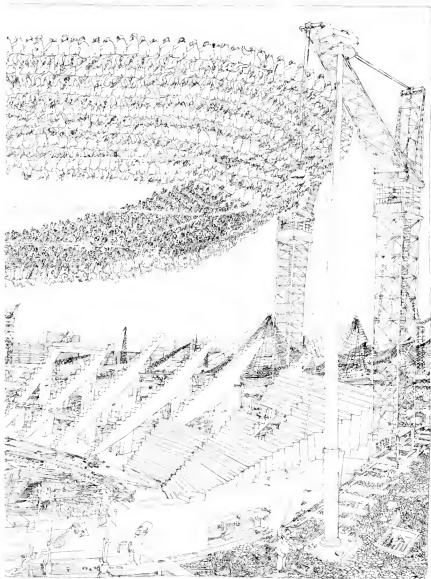


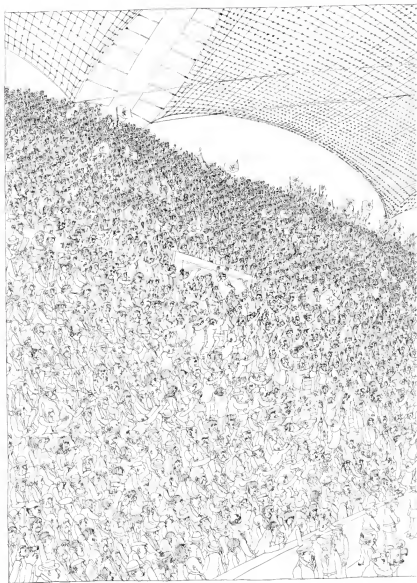
the roof of the main stadium was supposed to cost \$4.6 million; so far it has cost \$55.8 million—and Munich is flat, stony broke. West German artist Hans-Georg Rauch went to Munich in the midst of the boom and bust, and, on the following pages, he has transformed what he saw and what he envisioned into

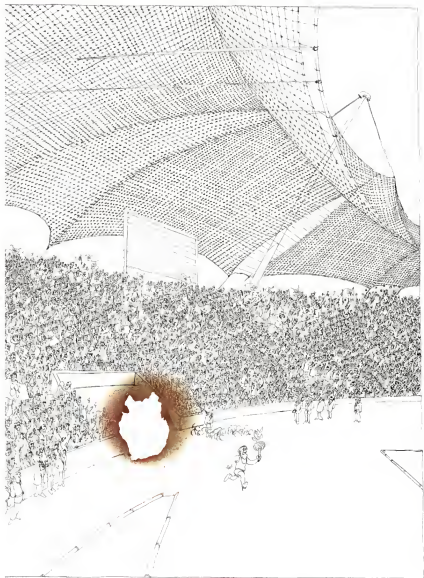
what might be called a third Olympics—a wry, dry, wacky view of the quadrennial madness: workmen potently filling the swimming pool and lowering an essential segment into the main stadium; the Olympic torchbearer making his grand entrance; and what has got to be a world-record hammer throw.

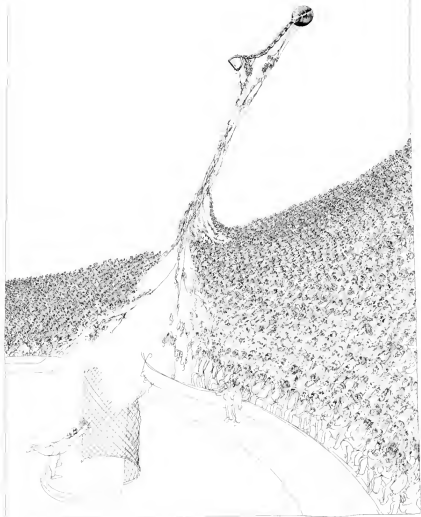












A KID WHO DOESN'T KID AROUND

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

Dan Gable, known to his family as The Kid and to 10 Russian wrestlers as the man they couldn't beat, believes that all work and no play is how to get a gold

It is two a.m. Dan Gable can't sleep.

He gets out of bed and does sit-ups and push-ups. It is eight a.m. Dan Gable is running several miles on a dirt road. It is one p.m. Dan Gable is lifting weights and punching the heavy bag. It is four p.m. Dan Gable is starting a 2½-hour workout in the 95° heat of the wrestling room. It is 7:30 p.m. Dan Gable runs to the local food store, makes a few purchases and runs back to his apartment. It is 10 p.m. Dan Gable is doing somersaults in his apartment.

This is a not uncommon day in the life of Dan Gable, whose labors are motivated by one goal—winning a gold medal in freestyle wrestling in Munich. There is little doubt that he is the hardest-working athlete in the world. Gable trains two or three times a day, seven days a week, at least 40 hours out of a possible 168—always with gusto and usually all bundled up in both rubber and woolen sweat suits. In order to compete at 149½ pounds he sweats off 60 pounds a week; during the past decade he has lost eight tons.

Gone is the fresh complexion and boyish look he had a few years ago. At 23 his features are deeply chiseled, bespeaking the punishment he has inflicted upon himself. Often his face contorts with pain—from a badly injured left knee, from all-consuming fatigue, from forcing himself through one drill after another and then, when he is so limp that his eyes are glazed, pushing himself even harder.

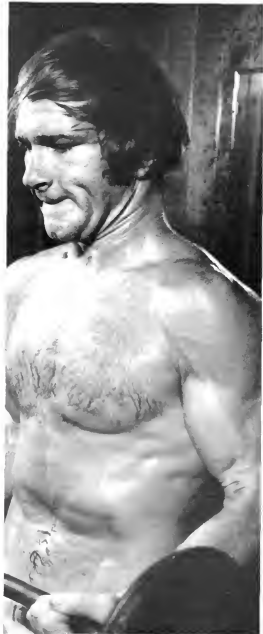
"When I'm ready to stop I start wondering what the Russians are doing, and then I keep going," says Gable, who feels he must beat a Russian to win.

If he does, it will be more because of his conditioning than his wrestling talent. Although he is a skillful wrestler, there are others with equal ability.

International matches consist of three three-minute periods and, "Lots of times after the first period the score'll be close or I'll be behind," Gable says. "But after that I often feel the other guy wearing out and then I get him. Foreign wrestlers aren't like our guys. Once you get ahead of them they almost always quit."

A six-time world champion from Iran





was flabbergasted when he watched Gable work out at the World Games in Sofia last year. Finally, he sidled up to Larry Kroutoff, a two-time U.S. Olympian, and said, "Is there something mentally wrong with Gable?"

In his book *Confessions of a Workaholic*, Wayne Dutes has written: "The workaholic's way of life is considered in America . . . (a) a religious virtue, (b) a form of patriotism, (c) the way to win friends and influence people and (d) the way to be healthy, wealthy and wise. He is the one chosen as 'the most likely to succeed.'"

Gable has always been a workaholic. Mack Gable, Dan's father, got him a summer job with a cement crew when he was 15. Recalls Mack, "He was too young to work legally, so I told the boss, 'You pay him and I'll pay you back, and that way it won't cost you anything to hire him.' Two days later I asked how The Kid was doing. The boss told me, 'I got to work at six a.m. and he was there already, lifting cinder blocks. He works so hard I gave him a 15¢ raise. Forget our deal. He's worth having on the payroll.' The Kid got up at five a.m. and ran four miles to the job. Kate [Mrs. Gable] used to ask me, 'Do you think we're working him too hard?' We didn't know what to think except that The Kid loved it."

Dan Gable has always done physical jobs the hard way in order to strengthen his body. He passed up the power mower in favor of one he could push. During the summer he usually worked in a lumberyard, where he was popular with his co-workers because he trusted upon doing the most rugged jobs himself—unloading trucks of cement bags and lumber. When there were no tasks to be done he did push-ups and sit-ups. At West High School in Waterloo, Iowa and at Iowa State he ran to and from classes. "I don't like walking," he says. "Takes too long to get anywhere."

"He was always so antsy," says Bob Siddens, his wrestling coach at West High. "I have a habit of shaking hands with each boy before and after each match. But Dan was always so anxious to wrestle that he would prance around

continued

in front of me and try to get me to shake his hand and send him on his way before the previous match was even over."

"He was always losing things—shoes, socks, jocks," Mack recalls. "I got mad at him once and he said to me, 'Dad, you got to remember that wrestlers have lots to remember, things like holds and moves and strategy.'"

"When he was young he was the meanest, orneryest kid alive," says Mack. Many tales are still told. About how he came across a construction site and destroyed hundreds of bricks. About the day he chased a cat up a tree and across a roof, tearing up dozens of shingles in the process. About the time his mother took him for a haircut and he bolted out of the barbershop, locked himself in the car and refused to let his mother in. About the day he tied a boy's hands together with wire and dragged him all the way home from school. About the time he was eating an ice cream cone in the backseat of the family car, got angry at his father and whopped him on the head with the cone. About the day his mother took him shopping and he spotted a saleslady bending over and bit her rump.

Dan Gable got his share of spankings, but he and his father have always been close. Mack came to most of his son's high school practices. "One day The Kid says to me, 'I wish you'd get out of here. I was doing O.K. until you came in, and then I got whaled on.' For two, three nights I didn't go to practice. Then he gave me a picture of himself in uniform and told me to read the back. He had written, 'Missed you at practice the last couple nights. Come on back.'"

As a ninth-grader Gable lettered in three sports—baseball, football (he was a single-wing quarterback on an unbeaten team) and wrestling—and in the seventh grade he had won the state YMCA 50-yard backstroke championship. The next year he dropped out of all sports except wrestling. As a freshman he had to agonize through one of the most torturous and questionable ordeals in wrestling, cutting his weight from 127 to 95 pounds. "It was an awful struggle," Mack admits. "He went three days at the end without food and it got so bad he couldn't sleep."

But it paid off. In his first junior high match Gable trailed 3-0 going into the final period, then utilized his stamina

and determination to win 5-3. After a loss in junior high he was so distraught that he locked himself in his room for the night. In high school he never had to lock his door.

Mack, who had been a high school wrestler, used to work out with Dan. "But one day when he was a sophomore he beat me so bad I could hardly move," Mack says. "I told him that was it, that he was too good for me and that I was through. So The Kid says, 'You can't quit, Dad. Not after all the years you beat me up. You can't quit now.' The Kid never liked losing to anybody. Not even in practice. If someone gave it to him in practice, he got furious."

During the summer following his sophomore year at high school Dan and his parents were on a fishing trip on the Mississippi when they got word that the Gables' only other child, 20-year-old Diane, had been raped and murdered in the living room.

"When we came back we moved into a hotel," Mack says. "We were going to sell the house. Kate and I never wanted to set foot there again. But The Kid said, 'You can't do that. They took my sister from me, but I'm not going to let them take my home from me.' So we moved back in. I couldn't sleep for two years and my wife almost went to pieces. I had 15 men working for me in my real-estate office. Within a year I closed the business. But we did it for The Kid. We moved into the house and right away he moved out of his room and took Diane's room. And whenever a tough match came up, he'd say, 'Don't worry, Dad. I'm going to win this one for Diane.'"

He always did. When Gable graduated from West High he was undefeated and had won three state championships.

As he sat in his apartment recently and measured his past, Dan said, "What really turned me on was when Bob Bazzard beat the tar out of me in the wrestling room I had fixed up in our basement. He beat me so bad that I cried. He had gone to Iowa State and was a two-time Big Eight champ, and when he beat me it proved that I had to get better. This was the summer after my senior year in high school and I suddenly realized that being a three-time state champ wasn't good enough. Right then I set a goal that I'd work out at least once every day. That was six years ago and

I've never taken a break in training since."

When he got to Iowa State, however, he found out he was not rugged enough to contend with his more experienced teammates. Day after day they worked him over, so much so that his father was ready to bring his dejected son home. "Give me 30 days," Dan said. By the end of those 30 days he had markedly improved.

"The first time I got any idea of how good I was came in my freshman year," he recalls. "I went to the Midlands tournament and beat Don Behm, who had been third in the NCAA championships in 1965. I wrestled Masaaki Hattai, a former NCAA champ, in the finals, and I remember being interviewed on radio before the match. The announcer said, 'I understand you've never lost since junior high.' I said, 'That's right, but I'm about to get licked.' Then I went out and beat Hattai by five points."

Dave Martin, an NCAA champion in 1970, was one of several wrestlers who shared an off-campus house with Gable at Iowa State. "As a freshman he was ultra-shy," Martin recalls. "We used to tease him a lot. A bunch of us would be walking down the street and we'd say loud enough for other people to hear, 'Is that Dan Gable? Is that really the famous Dan Gable?' He'd get so embarrassed he'd run and hide. Dan won the Athlete of the Year award twice at school, and after they gave it to him during his junior year he was so embarrassed that he handed me the trophy and ran off."

"But I've never seen anybody work like him. He used to play this game with a deck of cards where he'd pull out a card and then do as many push-ups as the face value of the card was worth. He'd see how many times he could go through the deck. And then he'd start all over and do the same thing by doing curls with a barbell."

"Dan was always giving things to people and he seemed to enjoy that. If someone was overweight, he would always try to help him lose weight, no matter how tired Dan was. And he was tough. The day after he had an operation on his elbow he was wrestling—with one arm."

Gable's toughness and his conditioning program enabled him to keep on winning at Iowa State. He became the most dynamic wrestler in college history, re-

continued

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lently pursuing his foes and pinning 607 of them.

Before the 1970 NCAA's Gable was given amateur wrestling's Man of the Year award. When the trophy was handed to him Dan merely nodded. Then everyone in the banquet hall arose and applauded Gable, who at that point had won 176 matches in a row. Everyone then sat down and waited for his acceptance speech. Gable looked at the audience, nodded and, dumbstruck with embarrassment, walked off.

Gable advanced to the finals of the NCAA's with five straight pins. Only one match lay between him and the goal of becoming the first wrestler ever to win every match throughout high school and college. He came even closer than that. With 30 seconds to go against Larry Owings of the University of Washington Gable was ahead. Then, in a blur of action at the edge of the mat, Owings took Gable down for two points, then got two more for momentarily clamping his shoulders down. When the match ended, Gable had lost.

At the victory ceremonies Gable, for the first time in his life, accepted a second-place plaque. Eight thousand five hundred fans in Northwestern University's McGraw Hall arose and applauded.

"I'm afraid Dan might commit suicide," said one onlooker. "I mean, what else has he got in life but wrestling?"

But all Dan Gable did was cry. Long before the NCAA tournament, a banquet had been planned in his honor. Although the words came slowly, Gable spoke at the banquet—about the virtues of competition, about how he had no excuse for losing and about how he was going to keep on wrestling.

"At first after the loss I couldn't face my parents," he said. "I felt I had let them down. I know they didn't feel that way, but it took time for me to adjust. I worked out a little, stayed up late, went out with the guys. I couldn't keep my mind straight. Two weeks after the loss I won the national AAU's, was voted the Outstanding Wrestler there, and that got me back on the right road."

That road has taken him almost around the world. In 1971 Gable won a gold medal at the Pan-American Games in Cali and a gold and the Outstanding Wrestler Award at an international meet in Thessalonika. "The Russians gave me all kinds of awards," Gable says. "A huge picture of one

of their great wrestlers, lots of gifts, trophies and a huge horsehair cape that weighs 15 pounds. And then 10,000 fans clapped. At a banquet afterward they kept giving me wine, and when I put my hand over my glass they tried to pour it through my fingers."

Just as Kierkegaard found that constant pleasure is no pleasure at all ("In the bottomless ocean of pleasure I have sounded in vain for a spot to cast an anchor"), Gable discovered that everlasting pain has its limits.

"Now I make a conscious effort to be more outgoing," he says. "I like to surround myself with outgoing guys because I sort of envy them. I also used to shy away from adulation, but now I realize it's an important part of sports. If a kid wants me to show him how to do something in wrestling, I take the time because I can see how much it means to him. There was one fan who flew over from Iowa to see me wrestle at the World Games in Sofia. He was too shy to even come over to me and I didn't know he was there until we came back, but if I'd known I'd have spent time with him. Once you're out of sports you're less known each year. Soon people say, 'Dan who?' You've got to make time for people now. That's been an important word for me—now. It's so easy to put things off, and I learned that you have to do things now."

Gable's priorities being what they are, though, he has postponed his fun because the time to get ready for Munich is now. Almost every morning he runs 22 miles along a dirt road on the outskirts of Ames, Iowa. One recent morning the Glass twins—Ron and Don—who wrestle at Iowa State, drove out with him for the run. Then, while Don drove Dan's car at a slow pace, Ron and Dan loped alongside. The window on the driver's side was down so the runners could hear the blaring music: "Knock, knock, knocking at my door, just like you did before." They ran past freshly manured cornfields, past goats, barns, cows and yipping dogs. Gable was almost hidden beneath layers of sweat clothes and his red hair was drenched. On they ran past wire fences, wooden fences, past horses, pigs and creeks. Ron jumped on the back of the car, exhausted. Dan plodded on at a seven-minute-a-mile clip. Sweat rained from his sleeves. When Gable finished his run his face was hollow, his eyes star-



GABLE DONS 15-POUND RUSSIAN CLOAK

ing out like two burned holes in a blanket. As always, though, he chose to push himself farther, driving home with the windows up and the heater on full blast.

"I beat 10 different Russians at various world meets," says Dan, "and at a banquet in Kiev they vowed that they would find someone who would beat me."

If they don't, his injured left knee could. Three doctors have urged him to undergo surgery on a torn cartilage, but Gable has refused to take time off from practice.

"Wrestling with one leg has made me a better wrestler," he maintains. "I've had to find new ways to do things and I've improved a lot."

But he hasn't really changed. At an Olympic-qualifying tournament in Iowa City in April, Gable pinned all six of his foes, but when it was time for him to accept his award he was not around.

"I was in the hot room doing push-up," says The Kid.

END

SENTINELS ALONG A STREAM OF MEMORIES

by DAN LEVIN

It was a river "destined to bloody fame," wrote one Civil War historian of the quiet Rappahannock. Along its watercourse a nation nearly died; here Robert E. Lee camped, there Stonewall Jackson stood, in that small woods 30,000 men fell in a single battle. Hardly a mile of its course escaped great and terrible events. And then, in some perverse fashion, mankind passed the Rappahannock by. Infrequent is the bridge that crosses it, few the boats that try its eddies, rare the angler seen along its banks. But no river in this land stays lost forever, and today the Rappahannock is being battled over once again: conservationists vs. the Corps of Engineers, those who fear abuse against those who demand use. The issue is far from settled—and perhaps not truly begun. One thing is clear. A man who regards the canoe, the smallmouth bass and silence with equal reverence does well to savor this river of phantoms now.

The Rappahannock River traces a long diagonal path southeast across Virginia to the Chesapeake Bay. A spring day afloat on it is a collage of pools and rapids, bowed fly rods and leaping bass.

In the early morning mists enfold the river. An island splits the current. Trees meet overhead to form a green tunnel. A series of small rapids and waterfalls carries the canoe through pool after pool. Downstream, where converging currents have scoured a deep hole, a stone fly nymph attracts attention and suddenly a three-pound smallmouth is everywhere at once, into the air, boring for the bottom, upstream, downstream, flashing

over glints of gold in the gravel riverbed. The gold is real. The nearby hamlet of Goldvein was named for a streak of ore that stretched north to Pennsylvania, and the gold is still there. In the 1840s, when men rushed West to California, the mines of Virginia were abandoned. Now they lie forgotten, like the Rappahannock.

A day on the river passes swiftly. Suddenly it is dusk. A natural campsite beckons: a large rock and a tree, a tiny clearing beneath a bower of leaves, a little beach, bass rising at the front door. Contentment. Sleep comes easily.

Only two important things ever happened to the Rappahannock: the Civil War and the smallmouth bass. No river in North America had as much fighting along its banks; no river of its size, anywhere, played a bigger part in history. And few have better smallmouth fishing. During the Civil War the problem was to keep the other side from getting across the river. The difficulty for fishermen since has been getting to it. Nearly all of the best fishing water is reachable only by canoe or after miles of hiking. There were never many roads, and the few towns along the river's course ceased to grow after Appomattox—or disappeared completely. Wild turkey, grouse and deer prowl shoreline thickets where the only loud noise ever heard was gunfire. Sit there on an evening and the shooting echoes still. The campfire becomes Stephen Crane's in *The Red Badge of Courage*. "A river, amber-tinted in the shadow of its banks, purled at the army's feet; and at night, when the stream had become of a sorrowful black-

ness, one could see across it the red, eye-like gleam of hostile camp fires. . . ."

The Rappahannock was an insoluble problem for military men. Throughout the Civil War no strategist, North or South, knew what to do about it. Almost every place you cast a fly today some intrepid officer tried to lead a force across the river, one way or the other, and though it was never deep enough or wide enough or fast enough to be a real barrier, it was too deep and wide and fast to be crossed with impunity in the face of fire from defenders on the bank. "It looked to be a wrong place for a battlefield," wrote Crane.

It still looks that way. At its closest,





the Rappahannock is only 50 miles from Washington, D.C. but it is the only wilderness river in that thickly populated (five million people) strip that extends north to Baltimore and south to Richmond. Once a canoe is put into the river the five million vanish. On one 30-mile stretch there are no bridges, no towns, no houses, no roads. Just the river—and its bass.

The smallmouth, once characterized by the famed James Henshall as "inch for inch, pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims," flourishes because once the generals left the Rappahannock, nobody else came. The fish is not native east of the Alleghenies, but around the middle of the

last century it was introduced into cold lakes and rivers from eastern Canada to Virginia. Smallmouths fare best in clear waters and fight best in fast streams, and there were plenty of these until cities and factories sprang up on river banks and dams turned white water into reservoirs. Now the smallmouth is fading from the American scene. When a river is damned, smallmouth fishing continues for perhaps a decade. It takes that long for a silted bottom to interrupt the spawning cycle. But, since civilization has ignored the Rappahannock, it is one river that does not have this problem.

A trip downriver should begin near Chester Gap, Va. in the foothills of the

Blue Ridge. There is a store in Chester Gap and a filling station, and little else except the young river beside the road. The Rappahannock is so shallow here that sometimes a canoe will not float. But a dozen miles farther on at Crest-hill, the waters deepen. Everything is still in miniature. There are many small rapids that the canoe barely scrapes through, and at the end of each is a shadowy, cold pool. The river is just 15 feet wide and the bottom is lined with tiny stones. A canoeist feels like an intruder in one of those glass-encased dioramas seen in nature museums. As the river winds and turns, the approach to each bend becomes an adventure. This time a rapids, next a

continued

pool, and then the scurry of an animal rushing to a hole behind a tree. Another animal appears. Otter? Beaver? For long seconds it stares almost quizzically, as if wondering "What is this on my river?" And then it, too, flees.

The fly rod has gone too long unused. There are more good places than three men could cast to, and for a few miles streamer flies sink into the dark edges of pools and little hugs bounce off logs. A few bass make lazy passes, but they are numb with the cold of a heavy dew that still hangs on in the deep woods. The river is wider now, perhaps 20 feet, and cliffs of gray stratified rock rise tier on tier from the water's edge. The rock is covered with moss, and from earth-filled cracks jumbles of gnarled hemlocks jut at weird angles across the water.

Twelve miles off the Rappahannock pass before the first sign of civilization appears. On the right bank are the ruins of a tremendous stone chimney, all that remains of the Glen Wooden Mills. Twenty-five cabins and the mill itself were burned to the ground by the Union army for having milled cloth for Confederate uniforms. Two miles farther on is Waterloo Bridge in the town of Waterloo (pop. 30). Over this bridge passed more advancing and fleeing soldiers than over any crossing on the river. The bridge was not destroyed for a long while because each side recognized it might be needed for retreat.

A man named Randy Carter is waiting near the bridge, as promised. Carter, retired, was once the building inspector of Fauquier County, Va. and an architect. He is a student of the Rappahannock. His features suggest his ancestry. He is a direct descendant of Pocahontas, who married John Rolfe shortly after the first Englishmen reached Virginia, and whose offspring married into many of the state's prominent families.

Randy Carter is an expert connoisseur, the author of *Causeway White Water*, a gazetteer for paddlers to the rivers of Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolina. Immediately assuming his role as guide, Carter pointed out a sign: STUART'S HOME AROUND POPE. Here on the morning of Aug. 22, 1862 Jeb Stuart and 1,500 cavalymen splashed through a shallow ford downstream from Waterloo Bridge to raid Pope's army from the rear and slash at his railroad supply lines. Stuart

was 29 years old, a thickset, powerful figure who fancied gaudy uniforms and affected a heavy beard. He not only took the Federals by surprise, he surprised himself when he rode right into Pope's headquarters while the unfortunate general was away. Stuart made off with horses, wagons and 300 prisoners, as well as Pope's dispatch case and confidential letters, his hat, his military cloak and his dress suit.

Carter lives a few miles back from the north shore of the river in Paradise, a large white hilltop house named by a county sheriff, Martin Pickett, who built it in 1759. Paradise is in Warrenton, which was a center of operations for the Northern army through part of the Civil War, and Carter believes that Paradise was spared because General George McClellan was in love with the owner's daughter. McClellan is said to have used the house for his headquarters while his men camped in the front yard.

All this can be found in the library of Paradise, which is a fine place to read about the war on the Rappahannock. It is all there: how most of the 212-mile course of the river was involved in battle; how for nearly four years Confederate and Union soldiers watched each other across the river, exchanged occasional artillery fire, searched for fords, built pontoon bridges and endured long periods of anxiety and frustration that ended in the colossal battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. On the north bank, which was generally higher than the south, the huge armies of Generals Pope, McDowell, Burnside and Hooker assembled for their assaults across the river. Along the south side, hidden by dense thickets, the brigades of Stonewall Jackson and the cavalymen of Jeb Stuart periodically raced up or downstream for lightning attacks on Union supply lines. But the Confederate raids were never decisive and the Union crossings were always beaten back. The Rappahannock defeated everybody. Only Stonewall Jackson gained a reputation for successful action along the river, but even Jackson, who understood the Rappahannock better than anyone, was always afraid of it. He never wanted to fight a major battle on its banks, and it was there he was eventually killed by mistake by one of his own men.

At White Sulphur Springs, not far from Paradise, old Jubal Early and his

Confederates crossed the Rappahannock on the remains of a broken dam on the same day that Jeb Stuart captured General Pope's hat. A downpour began, the river rose, and Early was cut off unless he could make his way undetected upstream to Waterloo Bridge. In the rain and darkness his scouts were captured by Union cavalymen who surrendered in turn, believing they were surrounded by a large Confederate force. With Stonewall Jackson's army on the south bank providing some protection, Early got his men back across the river on an improvised bridge.

Meanwhile, farther down the Rappahannock, a Union force had crossed to the south side and captured some Confederate wagons, but it had to give them up when it was driven back to the river, which was now a torrent. From a high bluff on the northern side Brigadier General George Gordon, a New England writer who had trained for the war at the Utopian colony of Brook Farm, saw "the unhappy wretches struggling to regain the shore." On the other side a Confederate officer reported: "Our men pursued them closely and slaughtered great numbers as they waded the river or climbed up the opposite bank. The water was literally covered with dead and wounded." So it went—give and take. Strange things to read in a house called Paradise.

Fifteen miles away, the distance managed alone and by car with Randy Carter gone for the day, the Rappahannock is sampled once again. It is a different river now. Cornfields line the banks. Cows stare at the passing canoe. The dip of a paddle is the only noise. The cry of a crow carries for miles. So deep is the stillness that the hiss of one's own breathing becomes fascinating, so unobtrusive the surroundings that great attention can be devoted to the grain of wood in a paddle. And then comes the sibilant whistle of tires on cement, and the spell is broken. A map indicates a bridge just ahead at White Sulphur Springs. This is not far from the place referred to in some histories where Confederate and Union soldiers made their own truce one December. The rival armies were in winter quarters and chroniclers tell of the soldiers swapping coffee and tobacco across the Rappahannock. Sometimes the Northern band would play a pop-

continued

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ular Southern tune. And the Confederate musicians would respond with *The Star-Spangled Banner*.

White Sulphur Springs is still something of a socializing center, it seems. The first glimpse of people after 30 miles of river is almost sure to be groups of golfers intently at play.

Suddenly ahead is a canoeist's nightmare. A tree, two feet thick, has fallen across a fast, narrow stretch of the river, piling up branches, twigs and sediment. I get out, climb on the trunk and pressing down hard manage to push the canoe beneath the obstruction. Just downstream, an immense oak has lodged against a bend, its root system extended outward like the hair of a giant witch. Between the fallen tree, its collected debris and this maze of roots, there is a pool. It is a Grand Hotel for small-mouth bass. I drop a deerhair mouse along the edges. But the current is strong, and soon superpool is upstream.

High above the river now, half a mile to the southeast, a single row of trees stands along the spine of a hill. Four colts are chasing each other around the trunks. The scene is silhouetted against a sky of puffy clouds. Lying back in the canoe, head against a thwart, I am an appreciative audience of one. Skies, fields and trees float by. Commitments are forgotten. And how did it get dark so soon? The takeout point is far downriver and Randy Carter is waiting. Mad paddling is required before I reach him; he is flicking his headlights upstream.

I had seen some of the upper river, Carter said. Why not float a remote, lower stretch? The next morning we set off in two cars, one carrying the canoe, the other to be left at a take-out point where we would finish running the river. Could there be trouble finding a parking place in this wilderness? Yes. The first request, made at a farmhouse, was turned down. We headed for another, Kennedy's Farm, reputed to be more hospitable. Carter, a master on the river, proved less sure ashore. He drove along country roads that led nowhere and over lanes that circled back to the place he had just left. At one point he came to a stand of loblolly pines with a billboard at the edge reading WATCH THEM GROW—CULPEPPER COUNTY. So we sat and watched them grow for a while. Down

the next road was a sign, ENTERING RICHARDSVILLE. Carter screeched to a halt in front of it, only to see a few feet away another sign that said LEAVING RICHARDSVILLE. The entire population of Richardsville was in the general store: seven people. They offered directions to Kennedy's where 52 earned permission to park for the day. Then it was back to the canoe, which was carried through the woods to the river.

The lone stop was to examine a pair of stone walls, high and parallel. They are what remain of the locks from the Rappahannock Canal, a venture begun in 1835 and completed in 1847 with the help of slave labor. Running from Fredericksburg to Waterloo, the canal cost the then stratospheric sum of \$400,000. All the river rapids were bypassed. When the Orange & Alexandria Railroad was completed around 1850 the canal died, almost overnight: the railroad could carry a bushel of wheat for 8¢ and the canal boats required 12¢. The locks are now overgrown with vines and rarely seen by human eyes.

We took to the river and before long reached the Confluence, where the Rapidan comes in from the southwest. It looked like the finest stretch of small-mouth water on earth, a brawling, quarter-mile-wide stretch of grassy inlets and warming currents. There is a rapids here half a mile long, wide and fast, dangerous in high water, a pleasant run in low. Moving downstream, the river deepens and slows, and sreamer flies sink into the bright water, there to be viewed by indifferent fish. Another heavy dew had chilled Virginia and its smallmouths. Finally we put aside the rods and drifted, dipping a paddle occasionally, staring at the lacy lines of trees. When we spoke, near shore, quail whirred off through the trees. And then, dead ahead, an elephant lay sleeping in the river. I said nothing as we drifted toward it; it was too ridiculous. Finally Carter gestured. "Elephant Rock," he said. A river landmark, it looked so realistic it could have gobbled peanuts.

Soon it was late afternoon, and the Rappahannock shallowed over stones. "United States Ford," Carter said. Another historic name. Here in 1863 the beaten Northern army retreated back across the river after losing more than 17,000 men at Chancellorsville. "My

God," Abraham Lincoln cried. "What will the country say?" Robert E. Lee won his greatest battle here, but he lost Stonewall Jackson, whose last words were: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Spring is deepening on the Rappahannock, and commitments are calling from another world. Just one more day afloat. Like a child with a piece of candy I have saved the best for last—Kelly's Ford Rapids, upstream again. *Cum gratia* White Water describes it briefly: "... excellent rapids with heavy water, running for over a mile ... and others half a mile long all with continuous white water. This section is for experts only." During my evening at Paradise, Carter had remonstrated about spending the whole winter of 1934 building a canoe in his basement, and then wrecking it at Kelly's Ford on its maiden voyage on white water. "Me 'n Bill Sprague," he said, "two damn fools, went into the river at flood stage. We started at Remington and thought we'd ride 28 miles to Fredericksburg. We'd never been on a flooded river before and weren't sure what to expect, but we assumed the rapids would be smoothed out in the high water. Well, we came around the bend above the first set of rapids and it looked like the Atlantic Ocean. You couldn't see the shore from the trough of a wave, and the canoe swamped immediately. We held on until it went under, and I finally wound up in a tree debating whether I should take off my shoes so I could swim to land easier, or leave 'em on so I could walk to town when I got there. I looked around for Bill, and he was up in a tree, too. It was the last time he ever set foot in a canoe."

"Don't worry," Carter added, "the river is much lower now."

Anticipation though, not worry, is the mood preparing for this day on Kelly's Ford. I set out alone. The river, slow and gentle, seems so be gathering strength for something heroic. The trees are black with crows, more crows than can be imagined. They fly off as the canoe approaches, screaming canopies of black that fade downriver.

As the miles pass, the suspense increases. I paddle ever more slowly, craning my neck around each bend to see if this

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is the one that hides the rapids. Finally, after a long, straight stretch, there is a right turn ahead. This is surely it. I hold upstream for a moment, like a skier at the top of a jump he has never seen before. Then I dip my paddle and round the bend. It does not look like the Atlantic Ocean. Though awed, I am not afraid. Kelly's Ford Rapids is a masterpiece of white water. "What I like most about it," Randy Carter had said, "is that there are two or three different ways to go through each rapids." Two or three indeed. Kelly's Ford is an obstacle course for canoeists. Possibly a third of it is taken up by enormous boulders. Little waterfalls lead to dead-end pockets in the rocks. Subsurface ledges, streaked with scrapings from aluminum canoes, create rapids within rapids that race every conceivable direction except upstream.

I picked my way through, excited by the white water and fatigued by it, too. Finally I rounded a bend, tied the canoe to a driftwood log and climbed out on a large boulder to stretch and look about. There was little to see but rocks and river. Barely visible through the trees was the remaining section of the Rappahannock Canal, and again the past intruded. On Feb. 24, 1863 General Fitz Lee led a regiment across these very rapids and fell on a Federal outpost, capturing men, horses and equipment. And then some months later, in the same vicinity, came the Battle of Brandy Station, which is to this day the largest cavalry engagement in the history of the Western world.

I stayed and watched the sun set and as I pondered history a small hatch of moths appeared on the water. Bass began slurping them from the smooth stretches between rapids, and each time a little white Wulff dry fly was dropped among the moths, it too disappeared. Four smallmouths did what their kind have always done, and were rewarded with release, and then quite suddenly the hatch was over. The sun was sinking fast with nearly a mile of rapids remaining, and I hurried down them in the twilight. My Rappahannock visitation was ending. Personally involved had been 58 miles of river, two men, a few bass and some perspective about life; how it resembles a canoe trip down a fast river, how quickly the future becomes the present and then the past,

how near we are to Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee, to Stuart and Pope and McDowell and Burnside, to Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, to cannon fire and campfire. And how near tomorrow is—assuming the wild Rappahannock has one.

The time to take a floating, fishing trip down the Rappahannock River is not tomorrow, but today. The Army Corps of Engineers has proposed a \$130 million dam near Fredericksburg. The 230-foot structure would back up water 27 miles, inundating a lonely stretch of river where today the only access points are two or three private dirt tracks branching off from signless country roads. One argument being made for the dam is that few recreational fishermen can get to the river now. The Rappahannock, according to the Corps of Engineers, accounts for only "35,000 man-days of fishing annually," but the new lake . . . aah . . . 250,000 man-days annually.

Undoubtedly a huge new lake could support greater numbers of fishermen than the lonely river. But the fishing would no longer be unique. The small-mouth bass might remain for a short time, but smallmouths need their clear water, and they would vanish, leaving just one more panfish haven. The lake would have another problem, too, something called water drawdown. The Corps of Engineers estimates that water levels would vary 10 feet in most years, and as much as 28 feet in dry ones. In the upper reaches of the new lake, which would cover flatfish cornfields, even a 10-foot drop would mean a rim of ugly red mud flats half a mile wide, far from ideal for camping, swimming, boat launching or the other recreational attractions that are envisioned.

Then why build a dam on the Rappahannock? There are many reasons offered, many arguments presented. The issues are complex. But sometimes they get boiled down, perhaps unfairly, to very simple language: "We don't care how they're spending the \$130 million," says a Fredericksburg businessman. "We just want it spent in this town."

"Everyone wants to get his snout in the trough," says a Fredericksburg newspaper editor who would protect the river.

Brother against brother? The Rappahannock has heard it all before. **END**

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Of taters and bristles

Reggie Jackson slugs the former and everybody sports the latter on his upper lip as the talent-rich Oakland A's rip through their division

In baseball, as in anything else, appearances can be deceiving. Take the Oakland A's. Mistachioed to a man, they might easily be mistaken in a hotel lobby for six barbershop quartets, the world's largest rock group or the centennial celebration committee of the Carson City, Nev. Junior Chamber of Commerce. On the field, turned out in their

stunning new ensembles of Kelly green, California gold and polar bear white, they could as well be a celebrity softball team or a barnstorming religious sect. But beneath all that bristle and tinsel they are, in real life, the best team now playing in the American League and, in the opinion of their winningest pitcher, National League migrant



KEN HOLTZMAN WINNING NO. 9. HE HAS FILLED THE GAP LEFT BY BLUE'S LATENESS

Ken Holtzman, possibly the best team in baseball.

The mustaches, which expose them to the japes of clean-shaven opponents, are simply another manifestation of Owner Charles O. Finley's prepubescent sense of humor. On the return flight from a series in Boston, Finley observed that Outfielder Reggie Jackson and several bullpen pitchers were sporting fresh foliage. What, Finley asked Jackson, is going on around here? Jackson explained that this year he decided to keep the mustache he normally grows in the off-season. The others, he said, were not so much stylistic disciples as put-on artists seeking to embarrass him into shaving. Finley, always one to appreciate a joke, was intrigued. Why, he asked himself, have a team only half shorn? Why not an all-mustache team? Or a stadium filled with mustachioed men, women and children? The result of this encounter was Finley's decision to hold a Mustache Day on Father's Day at the Oakland Coliseum, a logical successor to his earlier Bald Headed Day. For his participation in this attraction, each player with a full upper lip will be rewarded with a bonus of \$300. Holtzman's response to his boss' brainstorm bespoke the majority's. "For \$300," he said, "I would grow hair on my feet."

For that matter, Holtzman would not be displeased if his teammates took the field wearing fright wigs and panty hose, such is his admiration for their ability to score runs in his behalf. In one game last week with Cleveland, Holtzman gave up 14 hits. The A's, meanwhile, had 14 hits of their own. Holtzman went the full nine innings and won the game 10-4 for his ninth victory of the season. "Every now and then," he said afterward, "you'll win when you don't have it." But that did not happen often enough during Holtzman's seven years with the Chicago Cubs, a team for which he had some good seasons (back-to-back 17-winners) and a bad one last year (9-15, 4.48 ERA). He was traded to the A's this past winter for Rick Monday in a rare transaction that seems truly to have benefited both teams. Holtzman, at any rate, could not be happier.

"This is just a super team," he says of the A's, "one of the best all-round in either league. When I was with the Cubs I used to think we had a super team, too. Better even than Pittsburgh."

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But we didn't win. This team does, so it's just gotta be better. And Dick Williams is a super manager." Williams would generally agree with this assessment, but he vigorously disapproves of superlatives like "super." Williams is such a baseball fundamentalist that he cannot accept the concept of superness. Ted Williams, he will say of one superstar, could only hit; Stan Musial, he will say of another, couldn't throw; Brooks Robinson can't run; and even those with all of the skills are of little use unless they are team players.

A perfectly executed hit-and-run play pleases him more than a tape-measure home run. A throw to the right cutoff man will make his day, not a Herculean fling from the outfield fence to home plate. Mental mistakes drive Williams out of his mind. After his team had beaten Cleveland's Gaylord Perry 3-2 last week, Williams called a clubhouse meeting to laconize several players for thoughtless base running.

"I liked that," said Reserve Catcher Gene Tenace afterward. "It showed he cares. Some managers will let you get away with a mistake. Not Dick."

"Williams insists on winning," says Jackson, an occasional target of managerial wrath. "If you don't win he's ready to fight. I'm loyal to him. I respect him. He's the best baseball man I've ever known. He keeps you scared enough so you've just gotta do the job."

This year's team is Williams' favorite as a manager. It has such depth that it could afford to lose a Vida Blue for almost a month and still reach first place, thanks in no small measure to Holtzman, who took up the left-handed slack. The A's could also absorb the loss for the season of a top fielding second baseman, Dick Green, now recovering from surgery to remove a herniated disk in his back. Green's replacement is Larry Brown, a sobersided little man who declined to grow a mustache until the lure of riches finally overwhelmed his sense of decorum. Brown is almost as embarrassed by his mustache as he is by his batting average, which is under .200, but his function in the A's scheme of things is defense. The offense is taken care of by such productive sluggers as Jackson, Sal Bando, Joe Rudi, Dave Duncan and Mike Epstein. Of these, Jackson is the most impressive, Rudi the most surprising.

When Williams took command of the

A's last year he inherited in Jackson his philosophical opposite. Jackson has the superstar's tools: he can hit, hit with power, run and throw. But he had been something of an individualist who seemed more occupied with personal goals than the common good. Williams apparently has had a profound influence on him, for Jackson is evolving into the sort of self-sacrificing team player his manager most reveres. He is one home-run hitter who now worries about his weaknesses as a base runner, and he willingly has made the shift on defense from right field to the more challenging center field.

Jackson is as much a fan as he is a player. He knows the averages and the home-run totals of players in both leagues, and he frankly idolizes the Dodgers' Frank Robinson, who once managed him in winter ball.

"Frank is the Bill Russell of baseball," says Jackson, a fan, too, of other sports. "He's a winner. He leads by his actions. He makes only one or two mistakes a whole season. Me, I'm short on base running. I overhustle. To walk in Frank's shoes, I've got to minimize my mistakes."

But for all of his newfound concern with the game's finer points, Jackson is still basically a connoisseur of the long ball.

"The home run is very important to me," he says. "Sure, I like to keep a respectable average, like .280 or .290, but average is like the wind: it can disappear overnight. Those taters [his expression for homers], then they can't ever take away from you."

Jackson had 12 taters they can't take away from him at the week's end and was the league leader. And Rudi now appears to be a bona fide contender for the batting championship. Although he has home-run power, the blond, lanky Rudi considers himself a spray hitter who gets home runs only by accident. He is so accomplished at hitting to all fields that he has become nearly impossible to defend. In his first time at bat in the 10-4 rout of Cleveland, the Indian outfielders played him to hit to right field. He put a two-strike pitch over the left-field fence for his fourth homer. By his third at-bat the outfielders were deployed to the left side. Rudi responded to this stratagem by lining a triple to the fence in right-center. "I love it when they try to defend me like that,"

he said. We dare not quote the fielders.

Rudi has always been a solid hitter, but until 1970, when he was .309 in 106 games for the A's, he had not enjoyed a full .300 major league season. Last year he hit only .267. He blames these comparatively low averages on military reserve duty which caused him to miss as many as 35 to 40 games a season over the last six years. Now, still only 25, he is free of that obligation and able to play without interruption. Unburdened, he has raised his average into the .330 range.

The A's, in fact, have a nice balance between the tater hitters and the high-average boys. Jackson could be both in one. When he was called out on a close play at first in Cleveland, he raged in the dugout for minutes afterward. If he'd beaten out that hit, he explained, his average would have reached .290.

Catcher Dave Duncan is another taller man, staying close to Jackson in home runs with 10, and Bando, though off to a relatively slow start, is a consistent clutch hitter. The A's pitching, both starting and relieving, is now the class of the league. And Blue is back.

They are, of course, a bizarre-looking group with their mustaches and fancy clothes. Even the stern Williams, mustachioed with the rest, is beginning to look like Gaylord Ravenel. But as Jackson has said, "In mustaches, beards, polka dot vests, pink shoelaces, Panama hats or what-have-you, we're still winning."

In these circumstances, to criticize their appearance is surely to split hairs.

THE WEEK

by RON REID

AL WEST While the Athletics were overwhelming seven straight starters with hair power, the Chicago White Sox lost but once in six games yet dropped another 1½ games behind their Western rivals. Before their biggest home crowd (51,904) since 1954, the Sox twice rocked the Yankees as Dick Allen won the nightcap 3-4 with his now-famous pinch home run. Shaking off a yearlong slump, Bill Melton fouled off six consecutive pitches against Milwaukee before hitting a three-run homer into the teeth of a 25-mph wind.

continued

**Uniroyal has made
20,000,000
steel-belted radials
world-wide.**

**More than all other
American tire manufacturers
put together.**

**A superior type of tire,
but more difficult to make.**

The steel-belted radial is rapidly becoming recognized in the United States as the king of tires.

Not only does it have the superior performance characteristics of a radial tire, but it also offers substantially greater protection against disabling cuts and punctures than fabric-belted tires, because the belts under the tread are made of steel wire.

Other companies are beginning to produce this advanced type of tire. But bear in mind that the steel-belted radial is a more difficult tire to make because steel is a more difficult material to work with than fabric.

Uniroyal has made 20,000,000 steel-belted radials in Europe over the past 12 years, and knows how to make them properly. In fact, the only tire company in the world that has more experience than Uniroyal in making steel-belted radials is Michelin. Nobody else comes close.

A leading German motor magazine, Auto Zeitung, tested 13 radial tires well-known in Europe.

These 3 received the highest ratings:

Tests: (1971)	UNIROYAL 160 (Steel)	MICHELIN XX (Steel)	PIRELLI CF 67 (Fabric)
Safety and Performance:			
Cornering	10	8	6
Wet skid	10	9	6
Handling	10	8	10
Tracking	8	10	9
Braking	8	7	6
Lateral Stability	9	8	5
Overall Response	8	7	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	63 (90)	57 (81)	49 (70)
Economy and Comfort:			
Wear (normal driving)	8	10	10
Thereby % Wear	8	10	10
Wear (fast driving)	8	6	7
Rolling Resistance (low speeds)	8	10	9
Rolling Resistance (high speeds)	7	10	9
Availability	6	5	10
Comfort	7	6	7
POINTS (PERCENTAGE OF MAXIMUM POINTS ATTAINABLE)	52 (74)	57 (81)	62 (89)
END RESULT	(164)	(162)	(159)
RANKING	1ST	2ND	3RD

The other radial tires tested, their end result and overall ranking, are as follows:

4th, Conti TS 771, steel (158)	9th, Phoenix P 110 T1, fabric (132).
5th, Kleber V 10, fabric (147).	10th, Bridgestone RD 11, fabric (131)
6th, Conti TT 714, fabric (137)	10th, Metzeler Monza, steel (131).
8th, Fulda P 25 Rib, fabric (137).	12th, Metzeler Monza, fabric (130).
9th, Dunlop Sp 57 F, fabric (136).	13th, Goodyear G 800 Rib, fabric (128)

NOTE: Since these test results were published, we understand that the Conti TS 771 and the Metzeler Monza Steel have been changed, also that Phoenix and Pirelli have introduced new steel-belted radials. However, Auto Zeitung Magazine has not yet compared these tires with the Uniroyal 180.

**Uniroyal steel-belted radials
are now available in the United States.**

We are pleased to be able to tell you that the Uniroyal 180 steel-belted radial—which won first place overall in the 1971 Auto Zeitung test—is now available in this country in sizes to fit most of the popular imported cars.

In addition, Uniroyal is now making a steel-belted radial especially designed for American cars, called the Uniroyal Zeta 40M.

This tire is being produced in the United States.



**When you go to buy a steel-belted radial,
don't let them sell you just a radial tire or a
steel-belted tire. It's not the same thing.**

Here is how to tell what you're getting. If the dealer tells you it's a "radial tire", you can be pretty sure it's a fabric-belted radial. If he tells you it's a "steel tire", the chances are it's a steel-belted bias construction. (That is, a conventional tire, without the performance advantages of a radial.) If it's a steel-belted radial, you can bet your boots he's going to let you know it!

Would you like to know the name of a dealer in your locality where you can get Uniroyal steel-belted radials? Telephone 800-243-6000 anytime, free of charge. In Connecticut, call 1-800-882-6500.

Would you like to get a complete and unabridged English translation of the Auto Zeitung test report? Send 25c to Dept. GP5, Uniroyal, Middlebury, Conn. 06749. When you're finished reading this series of reports you'll know what to look for in radial tires.



The 1-2 triumph was Chicago's 21st in 25 home games and the Sox' 15th win in 21 one-run decisions.

Minnesota used three of its least-noted hitters, Eric Soderholm, Steve Beye and Rick Dempsey, for a game of beat the clock in Baltimore. All three came through in the ninth inning to erase a 4-1 deficit and the Twins went on to win 5-4 in the 15th, beating the Baltimore carful by one minute. The Twins proceeded to lose three games in which they scored a total of four runs.

California started a 50-50 week the hard way by ending a five-game win streak at Cleveland, where Manager Del Rice was ejected for unsportsmanlike conduct the third time this season. California also suffered a one-run loss to Boston in a rain-shortened, 6½ inning contest before bouncing back Saturday afternoon to win 7-3, sparked by Bob Oliver's seventh home run.

Kansas City got a superb pitching performance from Jim Rooker, who blanked the Yanks 1-0 on a four-hitter. Earlier Paul Schaal's first grand-slam homer salvaged half a doubleheader with Boston.

Texas, with Catcher Rich Billings collecting 10 hits in 23 at bats, was remarkable for hanging out 57 hits, considerably above the Ranger norm.

OKA 33-10 CHI 28-18 MIN 25-19
CAL 22-28 KC 20-27 TEX 20-29

AL EAST

What with the problems pervading that dynasty in Baltimore, Detroit should have been ready to take command, but the Tigers' high point of the week was a rather ragged occasion. Mickey Lolich pitched his 150th career victory when he somehow survived three home runs for an 8-6 decision over the Angels. Detroit thereafter dropped four straight as its four-game lead dwindled to one. Lolich was tagged for two more homers Saturday by the A's, running his gopher ball count to five in 14 innings. "My slider just isn't working," he said, "so I have to go to my fast-ball, and I knew they'd catch up with that."

The Orioles also began to catch up a bit after starting the week with a pair of 2-0 losses to Oakland. Reacting perhaps to Earl Weaver's thought that "we might have some guys over the hill," Brooks Robinson hit his first homer in 146 at bats, then another and was nine for 18 over the week. Boog Powell, now crowding the plate but still hitting in the 150 area, got two hits in an 11-2 conquest of the Twins that ended a five-game Oriole losing streak.

Cleveland endured a 4-3 split as Gaylord Perry threw a six-hitter at the Twins, a 7-1 triumph that made the ex-Grant the first 10-game winner in the majors. Perry, who hit a two-run homer to aid his cause, had only four decisions and a 1-7 ERA.

Sidelined since May 9 with a torn knee

ligament, Carl Yastrzemski returned to the Boston lineup—and frightened Manager Eddie Kasko with a slide into second. Sonny Siebert shut out Chicago on four hits and Boston took over fourth place.

Before the Yankees beat Kansas City Saturday they had suffered eight defeats in 11 road games, including a doubleheader at Chicago Sunday and two out of three at Texas. And Milwaukee showed new Manager Del Crandall the nature of problems ahead when the Brewers won only once in six games.

DET 29-31 BAL 24-22 CLE 22-22
BOST 18-24 NY 20-27 MIL 16-27

NL WEST

It appears that when St. Louis sent Joe Hagie to Cincinnati for Bernie Carbo, the Cards dealt the Reds an ace. At least that was the feeling last week when Hagie hit homers on those occasions when Johnny Bench didn't and the Reds moved into first place for the first time this year. The Reds were 4-1 for the week as Hagie's homers twice helped beat the Mets, who, however, stopped Bench's hitting streak at 12 games. Bench hit his 15th homer Friday, the day Cincy overtook the Dodgers. "You know," said Denis Menke, "we've become a good, good team."

In a .500 week the Dodgers beat the Cubs twice—once on Al Downing's first shutout (his 100th career victory) and again when Billy Grabarkewitz scored from second on a wild pitch in a 2-1 game. But against the Pirates Frank Robinson's 511th homer, tying Mel Ott on the all-time list, couldn't prevent Don Sutton's first loss of the season against Steve Blass' three-hit pitching. The Dodgers came back with a 2-1 victory for Claude Osteen.

Injuries and inconsistency blunted Houston's attack during a 3-3 week that ended with a loss to the Mets' Jerry Koosman, defeat No. 10 in the Astros' last 14 games. Relief pitcher Fred Gladding, who had a 1-for-58 batting record in the majors, dropped a sacrifice bunt for the second RBI of his nine-year career in Friday's win over the Mets. "I am not known for my hitting," he said.

A fellow who is, Henry Aaron of the Atlanta Braves, watched Philadelphia's Wayne Twitchell for his 649th home run Saturday—a grand-slammer that lifted Henry past Willie Mays to No. 2 on the all-time list. It was the 14th grand slam of Aaron's career, tying Gil Hodges for the league record.

San Diego, en route to losing No. 21 of its last 25, signed the nation's No. 1 draft choice, Third Baseman Dave Roberts of Oregon U., but the old college try couldn't keep the Padres from an 0-6 week.

The Giants similarly suffered a winless

week, notable only for their second home rambout in two years. Charlie Williams, the pitcher the Giants got in the Mays deal, was sent to Phoenix after two dismal starts, and Randy Moffat, Billie Jean King's brother, was brought up.

CIN 30-19 LA 31-28 HOUS 28-22
ATL 32-28 SD 16-24 SF 17-28

NL EAST

Pressured by the Pirates and vexed by errors, pitching lapses and hitting into double plays, the Mets suffered their first three-game losing streak of the season before Jerry Koosman came in from the cold and righted things with a 5-3 victory over Houston. Returning to starting duty after five weeks in the bullpen, Koosman won six innings for his first starting win since September. Tom Seaver couldn't find his fastball against the Reds. Result, his third loss.

The Pirates, who won 21 of their last 25 contests, picked up two games on the Mets in running their win streak to seven games before losing to LA 2-1. Willie Stargell's four homers for the week raised his total to 14 but the Bucs didn't do it all on power. Among their 24 runs in a three-game sweep of San Diego was a 1-0 win that came when Gene Alie walked home in the 18th inning. At week's end, however, Pittsburgh had nine .300 hitters and a .288 team batting average.

The Cubs, who had been winning at a .700 pace for a month, slowed to a 3-2 week marked by Randy Hundley's first home run since 1970. Billy Williams hit his seventh in a 5-1 win over the Dodgers and Rick Monday beat the Giants with a 400-footer.

The division's hottest team was St. Louis, which moved into fourth place during a defeatless six-game road week blessed by the pitching of Bob Gibson and Diego Segui, a reliever acquired from the A's. Gibson homered and threw a five-homer against the Dodgers, then beat San Diego 3-2 to tie Jesse Haines' record of 210 Cardinal career victories. (Both had 388 starts.) Yielding no runs, Segui got a win and a save in two games.

Montreal, beset by trade rumors, dismal weather and few clutch hits, won once in five home games when Mike Torrez went nine innings to beat Atlanta 5-2.

At Philadelphia ushers wore their caps backward, the lineup was introduced in reverse order and the organist's initial offering was Goodwin's "Sweetheart" as the Phillies staged "Turn It Around Night" at Veterans Stadium. Houston was unobtrusive and won 4-3 as the Phils lost their 19th of 20 games. A day later the Phils did turn it around with a 3-1 win that started a three-game streak. Things reverted to normal on Saturday as the Braves bombed Philly 15-3.

NY 32-18 PIT 25-17 CHI 28-20
SF 17-28 MON 20-27 PHIL 19-20

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLINDS: STEVEN AUSTIN • HAIR: PAUL • © SCOTCH: WARD/12, NY, NY

TERRENCE McNALLY

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 31

PROFESSION: Playwright

HOBBIES: Rock Concerts. Opera. Tennis.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Kingdom and the Power"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: In spite of the enormous critical success of his play "Next," he feels a more personal accomplishment was sticking to writing through early failures.

QUOTE: "Today's audiences are into people to people things—relating to them, understanding them. When they realize that dramatically you can't get closer to people than an audience does with the actors and ideas during a play—then they'll start switching from movies to the legitimate theater. I'd like to help that happen."

PROFILE: As impatient as most with the problems that create today's social issues. But flexible, persistent, and keenly aware of the potential those same problems offer for dramatic use.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides. **Dewar's never varies.**

*The 16th at New Seabury,
Cape Cod, Mass. Par 4. 400 yds.
Drive into winds. Rolling
fairway with traps, long
green well trapped.
Sure you wouldn't
rather take up fishing?*

*The 7th at Salishan Lodge,
Gleneden, Oregon.
Par 4. 417 yds.
Narrow fairway with dogleg
left. Elevated green with traps
all around.
You masochist, you.*

*The 16th at Cog Hill,
Lemont, Illinois.
Is this a killer.
Par 4. 383 yds. with elevated tee.
Dogleg left, deep gully to green
from 200 yds. out. Trees on right.
Green bunkered with gully.*

*The 18th at Pebble Beach, California.
Drown your sorrows here.
Par 5. 540 yds.
Trees on fairway and ocean on left.
Place a premium on accurate drive.
Heavily bunkered green.*

*The 10th at Pinehurst, #2,
Pinehurst, N. C.
No place for falling arches.
Par 5. 596 yds.
Dogleg left heavily lined
with pine trees. Pot bunkers,
trapped green.*

*The 6th at Sahara-Nevada, Las Vegas.
Par 4. 442 yds. Creek on right,
dogleg left. Iron shot into wind.
Heavily trapped green.
Temper, temper!*

*The 17th at La Costa, California.
Par 5. 573 yds. Wind in your face. Water.
Well bunkered fairway and green.
Pull yourself together.*

*The 5th at the Broadmoor,
Colorado Springs.
Many a man has left his
unreprintable remarks here.
Par 3. 182 yds.
Shoot into the mountains.
Short shots fall into gully.*

*The 18th at Doral,
Miami Beach, Fla.
The monster hole on the
"monster" course.
Par 4. 437 yds. Lake on left.
Snake-like fairway.
Windy. Lake and traps
around green.
You'll bow like
a baby here.*

*The 3rd at Mauna Kea,
Kamuela, Hawaii. Par 3. 220 yds.
Right over the ocean.
What a beautiful place for a triple bogey.*

Play the holes that made grown men cry.

Consider the joy of missing the putt that cost some pro \$50,000.

Or being stuck in the same sandtrap as Arnold Palmer.

United Air Lines can take you to this beautiful land of sandtraps, doglegs, water hazards and dense vegetation.

Because we fly to more of this country than any other airline.

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We take care of the frustrating details.

So all you have left to do is frustrate yourself on the course.

**Your land is our land.
United Air Lines**



A bunch of big shots

George Woods, Randy Matson or Al Feuerbach should win the shot at the Olympics—unless one of three East Germans puts them to shame

Not bad, sports fans, you have just told us the name of the third-string catcher for the 1938 Chicago Cubs, the amount of tread remaining on the right rear tire of the car that won the 1946 Indianapolis 500 and the date of birth of the maiden aunt of the guy who carried the water bottle for Primo Carnera in his second fight. Now for the \$64 question—who won the silver medal in the shotput in the 1968 Olympics? Tell you what, you can have the fully equipped camper and the year's supply of bubble gum if you just tell us his nationality. His name was George Woods. Now, where did he come from? "Obscurity," answered George Woods last week in Los Angeles. "And after Mexico City that's where I went back to. My fame might not be much but there's nothing wrong with my timing."

Woods is not entirely unknown, of course, if only because people like Randy Matson and Al Feuerbach, who have pretty much dominated the event for the last two years, have kept an eye on the 6' 2" 300-pounder out of, in truth, Worden, Ill. (pop. 1,100). All year long, when people asked who would represent the U.S. in the shot at Munich, Matson and Feuerbach insisted it would be themselves and George Woods.

"And people kept asking them who Woods was," said Woods. "Finally, I figured it was time to show them."

Two weeks ago he did. In the Compton Invitational at the Los Angeles Coliseum Woods got off a put of 70' 1 1/4". Only Matson, who has the world record of 71' 5 1/2", and Feuerbach, who did 70' 3 1/2" earlier this year, have also surpassed the 70' barrier.

"And now it's me and Feuerbach," said Woods, dismissing Matson, the 6' 6 1/2" 265-pound giant who, until running into problems in 1971, had outclassed the competition for years.

"And now it looks like me and Woods," said the 6' 1", 255-pound Feu-

erbach, also ignoring the 1968 gold medal winner.

"Woods and Feuerbach," mused Matson. "How nice. It should be an exciting duel. For second place."

And that's how it stood last week going into Friday night's Vons Classic (named after the sponsoring supermarket chain) in Los Angeles, followed by Saturday's Kennedy Games in Berkeley: Woods looking at Feuerbach, Feuerbach looking at Woods, and Matson looking down at them both. Six thousand miles away, East Germany's Heinz-Joachim Rothenburg (personal best of 69' 11 1/2"), Hartmut Briesenick (69' 2") and Hans-Peter Gies (69' 1 1/2") were keeping a figurative eye on all three.

"I hear Woods said he's worried about Feuerbach and the East Germans," said Matson, who came to Los Angeles five days before the meet to work with UCLA Assistant Coach Tom Tellez. "That doesn't bother me. In fact, it kind of helps. They are concerned with each other and I'm only concerned with myself. If I can work out my problem, if I can throw as well as I am capable, I feel I can beat them. If I can't, well, there are a lot more people around than those two who can beat me. But it's the same for them. Anybody can run into problems and miss the plane to Munich."

By Thursday afternoon Matson was confident that he and Tellez had finally pinpointed what had been bothering him since 1970. As Paul Waner, the old National League batting champion, would have said, Matson was a victim of a slow belly button. "In any sport," preached Waner, who was also a superb golfer and bowler, "you gotta have a quick belly button. That snaps around first and the rest of the body follows." Or, as Matson more delicately put it, his hand was getting ahead of his hips and he might as well have been throwing the shot left-handed. "Now it's just a matter of time," Matson said.

continued



300-pound Woods has a career best of 70' 1 1/4".



265-pound Matson owns world mark of 71' 5 1/2".



265-pound Feuerbach has heaved shot 70' 3 1/2".

"Woods says I'm through. We'll see."

Yeah, sure, said Woods, a 29-year-old admissions counselor at Southern Illinois University, who is convinced that except for a wrist injury he would have beaten Matson in the '68 Olympics. In 1968 Woods had surged from 62 feet to 69 in practice and figured he had the gold medal wrapped up. Then he injured his wrist.

"Randy winning in Mexico City with a throw of only 67' 4 1/4" was a big disappointment to me," he said. "I had won the trials with a 68-footer, but I hurt my wrist weight lifting. During the trials I had a cortisone shot and the wrist was taped. At Mexico City the drug rule nixed the cortisone and everybody said I couldn't tape my wrist, so I didn't. Then in the Games some European comes in with tape and I asked an official what goes. He pulled out a doctor's certificate and said that's all the guy needed. It still galls me. Nobody, no doctors, no team manager told me that and they all knew how badly I needed my wrist taped. That sure put me in a good mood for the rest of the day. My first throw was 66' 1/4", I skipped the second, my third was terrible, and I passed two of my three throws in the finals. I'll have a doctor's certificate this time whether I want to use tape or not."

After the Olympics, Woods gave up the shot for a try at pro football. He trimmed down to 275 and he could run 40 yards in five seconds flat, but when the St. Louis Cardinals said they wanted him at offensive guard he declined. He wanted to be a defensive tackle. They said he was too short. He said forget it.

"Alex Karras was a pretty good defensive tackle and he was only 6' 2," Woods said. "But even after football fell through I didn't want any part of the shotput. I was too mentally exhausted. I just wanted to quit. Then last year the old hunger came back. That was before Feuerbach was known and I didn't want Randy to have it too easy."

In his first 1971 meet, Woods injured a finger and was out for the year. But this year he has been nothing short of sensational. "Now it's just a race with the clock," he said. "The injuries are stacking up and I'm trying to hold myself together until after the Games. I don't want another silver medal. I intend to win the gold and then I'm going to

hang it up and when my kids are big enough I'm going to point to it and show them the old man went out on top."

At the moment, though, besides Matson and the East Germans, there is Feuerbach, the 24-year-old world indoor record holder who, in addition to his 70' 3/4" outdoors, has hit 69 feet so consistently he feels disgusted with anything below it. In less than two years he has gone from 65 feet to No. 1 in the world.

"Which doesn't mean a thing at this point," he said. "It's nice, but so what? But if I'm still No. 1 after Munich, then it will be groovy. Last year I drove myself to show all the guys who said I was too short to be a great shotputter. Now that's done and I laugh about it. But there's a new motivation: the gold medal. You have to prove yourself in the Games and if you don't you don't win the gold. I need that. No way I want to lose. I still have a lot to prove."

If his countrymen finally have accepted him, Feuerbach feels that Europeans still look upon him as a long-haired freak who will drop out of sight at any moment.

"I hear them trying to explain why I am doing so well for my size," he said, "and in a way it's a compliment. They say it's drugs. God! First, every guy in Europe is on drugs and nobody over there has hit 70 feet. And, hell, drugs can only take you so far. They can't improve your technique. Matson says he doesn't take steroids. O.K. But nobody is giving out medals to guys who don't take them. I sure don't want anybody to think I'm pro drugs or pro steroids because I definitely am not. But all I know is that two years ago I was way down on the list and everybody ahead of me was taking drugs and I decided I had either better join the club or quit." Feuerbach thought about that a moment and then smiled. "I'm still making up my mind," he said.

Drugs may help a lot of athletes get to the Olympics but they won't help them once they are there. Scientists have come up with a test that will detect any steroids taken within the previous seven days.

"And then what is going to happen to the athlete who has been taking drugs but has to quit?" asked Matson, who used steroids for three weeks in 1964 before they were outlawed. "I'm afraid of

them. I'd hate to get to be 35 and suddenly find out I had fouled up myself physically—liver problems and all that. There's more to life than shotputting. But if it wasn't for the medical risk, if it was like taking vitamins, I admit I'd be tempted to take them. I wonder about some of the guys when I see such gigantic improvements. It can bother you if you aren't taking them yourself. I hear the Russians have an electrical machine that hooks right into the muscles. The shock is supposed to give you bulk and strength. Sometimes you wonder what you are competing against."

Like Matson, Woods sometimes wonders, too. "Not about steroids," he said. "If they are controlled and you use good sense I don't think they can hurt you. They are like anything else. If you take too much it'll hurt. It's the other stuff they are taking that bothers me, the hard stuff. The uppers and the downers. I know one guy who takes LSD just to train. He's not a shotputter. He's a weight lifter. It's fantastic. Like I said, after this year I'm getting out."

But before Woods goes, there is still the matter of a gold medal and last weekend he more than proved his worth. At the Vons Classic he won over Matson (69' 6 1/4") and Feuerbach (69' 3 1/4") with a put of 70' 1/4", the only time in the history of the event that three men have exceeded 69 feet. "And it was a rotten throw," he said. "I was open and it was all arm speed." At the Kennedy Games, Woods won again, this time with a 69' 1/2" to Feuerbach's 68' 9 1/4" and Matson's 68' 8 1/4".

"I guess you can say that Randy is back," said Feuerbach in Los Angeles after watching Matson get three throws over 69 feet. "He's going to be one tough hombre from now on." Feuerbach shook his head over his own performance. He had opened with a 67 plus, and except for his 69 and change, he hadn't done much better.

"Hey, Al," said Woods, "what's with the 67? Were you trying to psych me?" "Well," said Feuerbach, "I had a plan. The first throw was supposed to be 67. Then I was going to add a foot onto each of the next five. Sixty-eight, 69, 70, 71 and then, boom, a big 72."

"What happened?" Feuerbach laughed. "I forgot the plan." END

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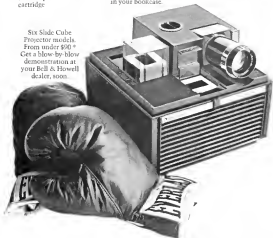


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Haven for game hogs

Waterfowl pigs can root their way all through Mexico, where laws are lax and the sky is the limit

After U.S. waterfowl seasons have closed, where does a hunter go to shoot all the ducks he can point a gun at, with no limit, no license and no likelihood of apprehension? The answer is simple: he goes south, to Mexico, where millions of ducks winter each year and where, for a price, most rules protecting them can be waived.

There is, of course, a legal waterfowl hunting season in Mexico. It is a long season running from Nov. 1 to the end of March. There are also liberal legal bag limits—10 ducks per weekday, 20 a day on weekends. As for licenses, they are hard to get, but they do exist, and a hunter armed with pesos, patience and passport pictures can eventually find one. He may never have to show it, but it makes a good souvenir.

One would think the long season and liberal limits would produce enough shooting to keep most hunters in Mexico honest. The majority in fact are, but invariably they are forced to share the blame with game hogs who work hard at spoiling the sport of hunting for everyone.

Commercial hunters used to be the culprits, but this has changed in the last few years, thanks to the protests of conservationists on both sides of the border, who finally succeeded in cutting back market hunting by cutting back the market for the birds. Persuading the owners of restaurants not to serve game birds, and therefore not to buy them from native hunters, took a lot of selling and a lot of shouting on the part of U.S. hunters who were outraged at the idea of their birds being slaughtered like so much poultry.

Technically, of course, the birds belong to the U.S. no more than to Mexico or Canada, since all three countries contribute substantially to their existence. But we have always had a tendency to nationalize the waterfowl that pass within our borders. As a result, the U.S. press has repeatedly criticized the Mexican government, Mexican game laws and, most severely, Mexican hunters, for killing birds it claims belong to the U.S. Such criticism has not tended to improve international relations or the tempers of already beleaguered Mexican authorities who struggle against overwhelming odds

to make any kind of game-management program work. Nor does it help solve the underlying causes of excessive waterfowl killing in Mexico.

To begin with, one must understand the fundamental differences between American and Mexican attitudes toward game. To the average American the duck he shoots is a reward of his sport; to the average Mexican, who cannot afford the luxury of sport, it is meat on the table.

This is difficult for most Americans to appreciate. In our society there is no necessity to hunt in order to provide food. Hunting is sport. More than 15 million Americans, representing every social and economic level in the U.S., hunt each year for recreation. Starting at an early age, these hunters are educated to the multiple values of wildlife and to protecting and propagating it for future generations. All hunters contribute financially toward this goal through taxes on sporting arms and ammunition, which are then funneled directly into wildlife management. Many belong to clubs and organizations dedicated to conserving game.

The situation is quite different south of the border. Although a Mexican branch of Ducks Unlimited was formed two years ago, there are few clubs, no public conservation-education programs and neither funds nor personnel to implement game management. There are some Mexicans with sufficient money and leisure to hunt for sport, but they are few and they have little influence upon hunting habits.

The average Mexican is poor, and when winter comes and great concentrations of plump waterfowl flock into

his area, no sportsman, club or treaty on earth will convince him that these birds were not put there for his pot. And there is no real reason why the hungry native should not shoot them for this purpose. But this rationale no longer applies when the kill exceeds the demands of the hunter's own table.

If the waterfowl watchdogs in our country were once outraged at Mexican market hunters, they are even more so today at Mexican guides who promote out-of-season, limitless, licenseeless duck shoots for a fee. This further "abuse of American waterfowl" for commercial gain has launched new and vigorous criticism of Mexican hunting practices.

There is no question that illegal waterfowl shooting does occur in Mexico. During the legal season the most frequent game-law violation is overshooting the daily bag limit. Most of the guides who take out recreational hunters do not understand the philosophy behind limiting the number of birds that may be shot, for there are thousands in the area. But they do recognize the practicality of looking the other way when a client decides to down more than his share.

The Club de Patos in Yucatán, which operates five-day duck and quail shoots for Americans in conjunction with Winchester Adventures, ran into the problem of clients overshooting when it first began operating. The club's owners finally gathered their native guides together and gave them an ultimatum: stick to limits, don't accept bribes—or no more job.

Other common in-season violations involve hunting without a license, hunting illegally moving birds by means of airplanes, automobiles, firecracker charges and speedboats, and muzzle-loader ambushes. The abundance of food and the bluebird days of Mexican winter make some stirring up of the birds necessary if a hunter is going to get any shots at all, since most ducks are reluctant to fly when they can feed and rest all day. It is perfectly legal to stir up birds by poking or puddling through lagoons or circling a pond or marsh on foot. But when gentle stirring is transformed into a mechanized military attack, it definitely ceases to be legal.

continued



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HUNTING *continued*

self not as a criminal, but merely a small businessman working within the system. He tries to make a living.

If the system is corrupt, one must look to the source of the corruption. One must look, painful though it may be, to the American game hogs who finance and foster this corruption for their personal pleasure. They do not by any means represent the vast majority of American sportsmen nor should they be classed with them, but their actions reflect upon all hunters everywhere.

The worst offenders are Southwesterners, who fly into Mexico in private planes for weekend shoots. They come equipped with thick wallets, unlimited ammunition and plenty of whiskey. They often bypass the cities, landing at remote strips near Los Mochis or Culiacán or Eldorado, where they are met by guides who take them directly to the shooting areas. These are some of the finest waterfowl wintering grounds in the world, and birds concentrate in the rich grainfields in astronomical numbers. Many of these weekend shooting parties have been known to average 300 birds a gun.

Since an American can legally take home only 10 birds, that leaves quite a few extras. Most are grabbed up by local people, but when the shoot takes place miles from the nearest community, as it usually does with private-plane hunters, heat and humidity often get to the birds before the natives. Large mounds of decaying birds have been found after such weekend shoots. This is an appalling waste of a valuable natural resource, and a grave indictment of American hunters.

The privileged fly-in shooter is not the only offender. Every tourist who books an illegal hunt through his hotel or travel agent is also guilty, even if he claims ignorance of the game laws he is violating. In Mexico, as in his own home state, it is the responsibility of the hunter to know the rules and to respect them.

It is also the hunter, and only the hunter, who can eventually put an end to illegal waterfowl shooting in Mexico. As long as Americans continue to create a demand for illegal shooting in that country, there will always be Mexicans happy to oblige them. It is time U.S. critics of Mexican waterfowl shooting faced facts and took a new look at an old complaint.

END

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BIGGEST CHEAPSKATE IN BIG D

Lamar Hunt of Dallas owns three ball clubs, 32 tennis pros, all kinds of little old oil wells—and one suit. As he has cheerfully said, "I do detest ostentation" **by JACK OLSEN**





Lamar Hunt will be 40 this summer, but it seems only a year or two ago that he was a fuzzy-faced cherub challenging the power and wealth and clogged arteries of the mighty National Football League. Now he is the biggest wheeler in sports, but if you walked past him on Elm Street or sat next to him at Shoemaker's Barbecue in Dallas, you wouldn't bother to look twice, which is just the way he likes it. Hunt's biography in *Who's Who in America* is a three-liner marked with an asterisk that signifies his noncooperation with the editors. "He just hated to be put in there," says his secretary of 10 years, Jean Finn. "He totally dislikes anything that makes him stand out."

But stand out he does, like it or not, and what a contrast it all makes to 1959, when word got around that Hunt was going to break the NFL's wagon with his tack hammer. "We shuddered on his behalf," a veteran football reporter remembers. "You should have seen his first press conference. Here was this poor little rich boy, son of one of the world's richest men, standing up there like he was making a speech in catechism class. He spoke almost in a whisper, without any force or authority. Somebody nudged me and said, 'Wait till George Halas gets ahold of this punk!' It was like watching the first act of a Kabuki play. No matter what else happens, you know the last act's gonna be a beheading."

The reports of Hunt's beheading turned out to be grossly exaggerated. The poor little rich boy of 13 years ago has lived to see his homemade football league fully assimilated into the NFL. His Kansas City Chiefs have become one of the most successful of all franchises, on the field and at the box office. His World Championship of Tennis, at the ripe old age of four years, has become the dominant factor in the game. He has interests in the Chicago Bulls of the NBA and the Dallas Tornado of the North American Soccer League, and he has side investments in sporting projects like a tennis village near Austin, Texas and a 72-lane bowling center in Dallas. His sports holdings are worth, conservatively, about \$50 million, and they constitute a minor portion of his worth. "Most of my income comes from oil," he explains matter-of-factly. He is a vice-president of the Hunt Oil

Company, the vast international sprawl owned by his father H.L. Hunt, the billionaire oilman and novelist and political propagandist (SI, Sept. 7, 1970).

Haroldson Lafayette Hunt, now a spry 83, takes proper pride in the doings of his youngest son. "Why, Lamar's probably the most popular man in the country," H.L. once told sports-writer Mickey Herskowitz. "Even the pro-Communist writers like him. Have

ans—it is pure pleasure to mock their tastelessness and new-rich airs and 22% depletion allowance—but the prejudice seems to stop short of Lamar Hunt, perhaps because he bears so little resemblance to the archetypal blusterer. Look at him pruning that bush over there. Isn't that a pathetic sight? Note the holes in his sneakers, almost a personal trademark. Observe the 1953 haircut with the 1/4" sideburns. Note how he wears his



A "hyperactive calm person," Hunt stiles a hedge outside his French-style chateau.

you ever heard anyone say an unkind word about Lamar?" Herskowitz had to admit that he hadn't.

Nor—with rare exception—has anyone else. "I'm just convinced he's the nicest guy the Lord ever put on this earth," says L. William (Bill) McNutt Jr., fruitcake baron and Hunt's partner in soccer biz. "He's warm and genuine and straight as a string. If everybody were like him, the world wouldn't have any problems." McNutt is an exception among Hunt's friends in that he wasn't a Southern Methodist classmate. "Lamar has nothing to do with Dallas high society," a longtime Huntwatcher says. "He always gets together with these old cronies from SMU—none of them smoke or drink—and they fly to football games and things like that. They're very close, and if there's such a thing as *truly* beautiful people, it's them."

A good many folk don't love rich Tex-

graying brown hair parted to the left and annointed with a touch of greasy kid stuff, like Wayne Morris in *Kid Galahad*. Observe the dishwasher-blue eyes behind the Sunday school teacher-type plastic glasses, and his height—why, he isn't even a 6-footer! Does that look like a magnate of sport and industry? Does that look like a man whose Dun and Bradstreet rating runs clear off the top of the page? Note the undersize ears and undistinguished nose and the unassertive chin. Would you buy a used drilling rig from that man?

You may say that none of us looks his best while gardening, but then how to explain that Hunt also looks superbly unimpressive when he's all gussied up in his good (and only) suit, the pin-stripe that he's sorry he bought because it's a little too heavy for hot Dallas summers but won't replace "because it still fits pretty good, and one suit's enough for any man." At the rate he is wearing

the pinstripe, it will be available for his funeral.

In a crowd Lamar Hunt stands out like wallpaper. Headwaters consistently overlook him, and maitres d'hôtel ask him to "step aside, please," while they admit celebrities like the vice-mayor of Hasbrouck Heights and the chief dog warden of Gilpin County, Colo. Hunt shrugs, and stands quietly. He absolutely refuses to use his name or his prestige.

it, and they're both good at it. But they're not the least bit devious. They tell you what they're going to do to you, look you straight in the eye, and then go out and do it. Of course, it doesn't hurt that they have a few bucks to start with."

Lamar Hunt steps on the tennis court, and it becomes immediately apparent that his game lacks the customary middle-age duplicities—the cuts and dinks

my 15-year-old son Lamar Jr. and I were on the beach in Hawaii, we scratched a court in the sand and we took a beach ball and we made up a tennis game that we played with our feet, like soccer. I don't know, maybe I have some kind of creative impulse in me. Others paint or write, I make up games. I'm working on a terrific one at home. We have a putting green, and I've worked out four different tees and three water holes, and I'm using four different flags with four different colors on the green. It's a terrific game. Who knows? I might sell franchises!"

A similar creative impulse seems to carry into Hunt's sporting-business attitude. "I have no interest at all in buying into existing teams," he says. "I like to get in at the bottom and build something new, from the ground up. We started the American Football League, and the teams cost next to nothing, \$25,000 per franchise. That's the ideal kind of investment. I like the challenge; I like watching something grow out of nothing."

"My husband combines two interesting qualities," says Norma Knobel Hunt, a ringier for Catherine Deneuve and a talented woman who combines a few interesting qualities of her own. "He's a hyperactive calm person, if you can imagine. He has tremendous inner calm, and no moodiness. His disposition never alters. He's always exactly the same easy-going person, but at the same time he's engaged in constant activity."

Says Hunt: "One of my main faults is I try to get too much into the average day, whether it's business or working in the yard or sightseeing. I don't ever sit down just to sit. I want to do things, and I know that life is short."

When there is nothing else at hand, Hunt is an inveterate gleaner and cleaner. His eagle eye will spot a gum wrapper 30 yards away under an azalea bush, and he'll rush over to retrieve it. He became almost compulsive about the paracausal vines that run up the trunks of the oaks and yaupon and bois d'arc trees that shade the grounds of his new 11-acre estate in Dallas. He braved stickers and acrophobia to smack away at the vines, and when he developed a galloping case of poison ivy he rubbed on cortisone ointment and returned to the fray. Friends grew accustomed to

continued



After a game of tennis, Hunt joins his wife Norma for watermelon by the water.

It is easy to conclude he is shy, but a close friend says it is more than that: "An almost morbid fear of ostentation." Hunt does not entirely disagree.

"Yes," he says. "I do detest ostentation, big-dealing, like using your name to get a better hotel reservation or a good seat in a restaurant. I just can't stand to see people thinking they should get a better table because of some influence they think they might have. I believe in taking your turn. It's only fair."

Says the same friend: "Lamar comes across to some people like a pantywaist because he looks so unimpressive and he's so totally unpushy. And some people make the mistake of concluding that he's a Milquetoast. Ha ha! Lamar Hunt in his own quiet mannerly way is a very gutsy guy. He's gutsy because he's competitive; he got that from sports. And he's a giant-killer at heart; he got that from his daddy. They both of them like to take on the Establishment and beat

that older players use to compensate for muscular collapse. He hits the ball flat and level, his body at right angles to the stroke, his feet firmly planted. Usually his return shots fall close to his opponent; his serve is straight and heavy; he does not seem to possess an overhead smash, but he grinds his opponents down with sheer consistency. At the end he says, with characteristic politeness, "You're just out of practice." Sometimes you feel like huffing him one

As a child, Hunt was nicknamed "Lem" and then "Lemondrop," both deriving from Lamar, as "Bubba" in the South derives from Brother. But a more persistent nickname was "Games," from his penchant for making up new and original contests. "I'd take a ball and bounce it off a wall and then scratch out a little court with my foot, and there'd be scoring," Hunt recalls. "Even today I have this tendency to make up games. When

BIG D continued

arriving at his home and hearing a muffled voice call down from the trees, "Hey, y'all, be with you in a minute."

Inside the huge French-style chateau, Lamar Hunt speaks to his 7-year-old son Clark in pure Texas drawl. "Hey, Clark, thayer's a piece of paper under thayer. Would you grab it? Looks lak a candy wrapper to me. Bubble gum. Oooh, that's a crucial thang, picking up that paper, d'n it? Good, you got it. Now tell us—where's Hawaii?"

"The 'cific Ocean."

"Right! O.K., time to go out. Bug out! Suck it up!" When Clark is gone, Hunt explains: "That's an expression the football players use all the time 'Suck it up!' It means get going. Clark says it to some of his little friends. I'm not sure they understand him."

For that matter, Hunt is not sure that all his own friends and acquaintances understand him, especially on the subject that seems to come up the most often: money. "I probably basically am a

cheapskate," he says. "I hate to spend money on things that when they're gone, they're gone, and you can never get the money back. Also, I pride myself on being a good businessman, or trying to, but I'm the world's worst when it comes to handling my personal finances. I very seldom have any money in my wallet, and that causes some misunderstandings."

Lamar Hunt, possessor of a net worth firmly into nine figures, tools his Chrysler LeBaron along Cedar Springs Road in Dallas, sometimes going 15 or 20 mph over the speed limit, once brushing the curb with his right front tire, bearing out his reputation as one of the world's worst drivers. The car sputters, and the fuel indicator registers "E." With a deft spin of the wheel, Hunt slips into a Shell station. "Hi," he says to the attendant. "Gimme 31¢ worth of regular."

"He runs out of gas all the time," says Norma. "It's one of the children's favorite subjects, how their daddy is always running out of gas, and the ad-

ventures that happen because of it."

"I just don't take the time," Hunt says. "As long as that car keeps running, why stop?"

"The truth is he's not really interested in anything about cars or machinery," Norma says. "He can hardly tell a Cadillac from a Ford. He just doesn't care."

"But I can tell a Chrysler every time," Hunt says. "They're our sponsors. That's business. I drive a Chrysler because they give me one every year free, but cars aren't something that specifically interest me. Now Norma, she loves cars, and she drives a Corvette. But to me a car's a little like clothing—when it's worn out, it's gone, the money's lost, whereas a good substantial investment in something like an antique retains its value forever. What I hate the most is money that is lost and gone forever. I don't know what makes me like that."

Slightly unfairly (but only slightly), Lamar Hunt is legendary for parsimony, just as his father has often been taken

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for an old skinflint. "People misunderstand a lot of things," Lamar says, "and you really can't go around making explanations. For example, my father brings his lunch to work in a brown paper bag. But it's not an economic thing. My father likes certain foods that you can't get in restaurants. Like carrot cake. He brings sandwiches made of wheat that's grown in Deaf Smith County, Texas. It's supposed to be healthier, and my dad is 83 and very healthy." The Hunts, H.L. and his six offspring, are on a first-name, almost loving basis with the almighty dollar, and they are highly secretive about the romance. H.L. Hunt has always kept the total valuation of the Hunt Oil Company close to his vest; the most he has ever said about his personal fortune (reputed to be \$2 billion) was at a party where a nosy woman said to him, "Mr. Hunt, I hear you are terribly rich."

"Honey," the old man said, "I'm plenty rich."

When asked for specific figures, the Hunts stick to a favorite line of the patriarch: "If you know how rich you are, you aren't very rich." Says Lamar: "We just don't talk about how much we're making or losing. It doesn't seem right." A friendly enemy quipped: "Of course it doesn't seem right. You don't talk about religion."

It also doesn't seem right to waste money, or to spend it too conspicuously. In some ways, Lamar and Norma Hunt seem to be simulating a struggling young couple trying to make ends meet. Several years back, Texas E. Schramm, general manager of the Dallas Cowboys, walked into Hunt's den and noted that it was absolutely empty. "Lamar," Schramm asked, "what's happened to your furniture?"

"Aw, Norma's been arguing me about that," Hunt said. "I promised her we could furnish this room when the Chiefs reached 20,000 season tickets."

"Well, you've reached 20,000, haven't you?" Schramm said.

"Yeah, that's what Norma says, too, but she's counting the kid tickets, and I don't think it's fair to include the kid tickets." A year or so later, when the Chiefs had sold 20,000 season tickets, excluding "the kid tickets," the den was furnished. (K.C. now sells 70,000 season tickets, tops in pro football, but there are still rooms in the new Hunt mansion that are not completely furnished.)

A Dallas reporter recalls a trip to Honduras with Hunt and his soccer team, the Dallas Tornado. "We were leaving the hotel in Tegucigalpa and Lamar studied the bill and found an extra \$200 on it, so he refused to pay. The \$200 was just because he was Lamar Hunt, you can be sure of that, and Lamar is accustomed to this sort of thing, so he always double-checks bills. Why, he's embarrassed me in restaurants, going down the check item by item to make sure it's right."

"Anyway, the hotel sent a policeman to follow us to the airport to collect the \$200, arguing with Lamar all the way,

continued

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Feb. 1972. A Mercury Marquis carries high in picture when car is connected to a sensitive detector, over rough Texas terrain.

BIG D *continued*

and Lamar keeps saying, "I'm not paying it! If they can explain to me in a letter, O.K., I'll send a check by return mail." That cop had a gun two feet long, and it began looking bigger and bigger. Finally we started to board the plane, with the cop right behind us. "Walk fast and don't look back!" Lamar says, and we walked right into that plane and took off."

Hunt is not in the least defensive about such stories; most often his face lights up and he enjoys the joke on himself. He delights in telling a hoary tale about an early AFL meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria, where he arrived with one shoe newly half-soled. "Stop the meeting!" Sonny Werblin hollered. "I've heard of people being cheap, but I want everybody to see Lamar's shoes. He's too cheap to get both shoes repaired!"

There was an explanation, of course; Hunt had become aware of the holes in his shoes when the rain began seeping through, but he had arrived at the shoemaker's at closing time and barely succeeded in talking the grumpy cobbler into repairing the leekier shoe. "Come back tomorrow," the shoemaker said, "and I'll do the other one." When Hunt tells the story, he often as not leaves out the explanation; he's content to be known as a cheapjack who got one shoe half-soled, so long as his friends can get a few laughs out of it.

In the Hunt den, resting place for the 1970 Super Bowl trophy, a battered old shoe sits on a ledge. "That was given to me by my friend Buzz Kemble," Hunt says. "He had it silvered for me after we climbed a mountain together in Wyoming. I guess he thought it was a first, that I'd actually retired one of my shoes. But I had to look at it." The beautifully silvered shoe has four beautifully silvered holes.

"I have a very unusual quirk in me about my things," Hunt says. "I just get to likin' 'em. These old beat-up tennis shoes I have on right now—I use 'em to work in the yard, and I'd rather die than throw 'em away and buy a new pair. I just don't like to spend money on things like shoes, because once

they're gone, they're gone, and so is the money. Gone forever."

"Lamar, you might also mention that we're the world's outstanding tourist-class travelers," Norma notes.

"Well, tourist isn't as comfortable as first class," Hunt says, "but flying first class is just wasting money. It's not an investment. When you step off the plane, the money's gone."

"We even fly tourist to Europe," Norma says.

The Hunts are flying home from a vacation in Hawaii, tourist class all the way, and in midflight young Clark walks back to his father's seat. "How much money do you have?" he asks.

"Oh, I don't know," Lamar Hunt answers. "You mean in my pocket?"

"No," the child says. "In the bank. I know it's at least \$100."

"Children with money aren't all that aware of it," Norma Hunt explains, "especially if their circumstances are continuous. They just don't realize that there's money in the family. Why, Clark came home from school the other day and said, 'Mommy, is Granddaddy-Pop rich?' And I said, 'Well, Clark, I guess you could say that.' He said that somebody at school had told him."

"When I was a kid," Lamar Hunt says, "I wasn't exactly unaware that we had money, but it didn't impress me. I knew we lived in a big house, and the yardman or the cook used to drive me to school sometimes in our Plymouth, and I was embarrassed getting out in

front of my classmates. But money was no big deal. If I wanted a little money, I just asked my mother, and generally she'd let me have it. It doesn't sound like I was too well trained, does it? I would have been a lot harder on me than my mother was."

Predictably, Hunt was kidded about his riches when he played on the SMU football team. Since then he has often been ribbed about being third string, usually by people who didn't make a college team at all, but as in most such matters he is not the least touchy. "I'm proud I made third string," he says. "I played behind men like Doyle Nix and Raymond Berry and Ed Berner. That was a tough team. Players like Forrest Gregg and John Roach. I played football because I loved it; there were only one or two of us on the team who weren't on scholarship, and it was one of the great experiences of my life." Like all the other SMU scrubs, Hunt took a pounding. One day he was thrown all the way off the field, across the cinder track, and into a concrete curb on two successive plays. On the second hit, 250-pound Willard Deweall picked him up and said, "Poor boy, you better get Popsie to cover that curb with foam rubber!"

Lamar Hunt's secretary, Jean Finn, says, "Lamar is courteous to everyone and especially to women. After all these years, he still goes out of his way to thank me for every little thing I do. Typing a letter. Transferring a phone call. Anything and everything."

A female visitor is taken for a tour of the Hunts' chateau, and the conversation goes on. "Oh, what a lovely room." Thank you. "I do like that armoire." Well, thank you. "Your pool's beautiful!" Thank you. "It must be great to have a lighted tennis court." Yes, it is, and thank you. Thank you again. Thank you thank you thank you. . . .

The Hunts and his visitors go to dinner at Pietro's, a small Italian restaurant halfway across Dallas in a neighborhood

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT PHILLIPS



Hunt swells the meager crowd at a Tornado soccer game in Texas Stadium.

as unpretentious as Hunt himself. The visitors have been thoroughly briefed on his eating habits. "He's a total zero about food," a friend explained. "Food is a foreign country to all the Hunts; they eat to live. Once Lamar and his brother Bunker [owner of one of the world's largest string of thoroughbreds and one of the world's largest strings of oil wells] took me to dinner in London, and where do you think we ate? Trader Vic's in the London Hilton! Why, all those Trader Vics are all alike. We could have gone to Stone's Chophouse or Simpsons'; but it doesn't matter to the Hunts."

At Pietro's, Hunt orders hamburger pizza, but declines wine. "I'm not against drinking or smoking," he says, "although smoking seems kind of silly in view of what we know about it. But I don't drink for a couple of reasons: I don't like the taste of it, and I can't see any positive value in it. Sure, I'll take a sip of wine. I've gotten to the point where I kind of like white wine, just a few sips. I don't care for a whole glass. My friends say I'm going downhill fast, sipping white wine. But I can't stand the red stuff, and hard liquor is brutal. I don't know how you people can get that stuff down."

A dinner companion passes him a glass of Valpolicella 1964, a fine Northern Italian red. "Come on, Lamar," he says. "Give it a fair try?"

Hunt lifts the glass, sips the wine, and hands back the glass. "Nope," he says. "Sorry. I still don't like it. But thank you anyway."

A short, Latin-type man walks up to the table and addresses Hunt. "Say, do you have to be a college man to play on your soccer team?"

"No."

"Well, I know a 17-year-old kid who can do tricks with a soccer ball. You know how they kick the ball in the air and then keep it going with their heads and knees and feet and all? Well, I saw him do that 150 times."

Hunt is impressed. "Get his name and address for me, will you?" he asks. "I'd like to try him out. And thank you!"

Someone else walks over. "Mr. Hunt," the new visitor says, and once again Hunt puts down a slice of hamburger pizza to listen. "Did you see the bike races today? No? Well, take my advice, stay up tonight and watch 'em on the news. Bike racing's the coming thing! Did you know that there are more peo-

ple interested in bike racing than any other sport?"

After the intruder leaves, Hunt is silent for a while. Finally Norma says, "What are you thinking, Lamar?"

"I was just wondering how it would sound," Hunt says. "Hummammm. The National Bicycle League Headquarters: Dallas, Texas. How would that sound to y'all?"

It is no accident that Lamar Hunt's first pro football team was called the Dallas Texans, or that his soccer team is Dallas-based, or that the grand finale of his World Championship of Tennis is played in Dallas. Hunt is an unabashed booster of both Dallas and Texas, reveling in their uniqueness, faithfully buying their products and admiring their wonders. For example: "I drink Dr Pepper whenever I can. We're proud of Dr Pepper. It's now 95% national in coverage. It's a Dallas-based company." But does he like Dr Pepper? "I drink it whenever I can," Hunt says, ordering up another can from his doting wife. "I enjoy it."

Hunt was born in El Dorado, Ark., brought up in Dallas, attended The Hill School in Pottstown, Pa. and has made Dallas his permanent home ever since his SMU days. He can talk your arm off about the city's skyline, the "unbelievable" new airport, the gross annual income of Dallas companies, large and small. He is absolutely impervious to insults or jokes about his home state ("Have you ever been abroad?" "Yeah, I spent three days in Texas once"). He sheds such cracks with the cool dignity of one who knows in his heart that he is right, and he firmly believes that most Americans see Dallas and Texas under the same halo. When his Dallas Texans were forced to move to Kansas City, Hunt was stubborn about retaining the name "Texans," and it took hours of argument to convince him otherwise. "I wanted to hang onto the past, I suppose," he says, still halfway arguing that there would have been nothing odd about calling a team the Kansas City Texans. "The Lakers didn't change when they moved to Los Angeles, did they? There's no lake in L.A. The Lakers were a winning team, and the Dallas Texans were a winning team, and deppone it, Texans was our name!" Reason prevailed.

It was Hunt's hometown chauvinism that triggered the American Football League in the first place. "All I ever want-

ed was a professional football team for Dallas," he explains. "I tried for six months to get one, but the NFL wouldn't let me in. It was strictly to get a team for Dallas that the AFL was started, at least in my own motivation."

His memories of the AFL's struggle for parity are bittersweet and poignant and proud. "Sometimes it was scary," he recalls. "My neck was on the line, both financially and personally. I'd have just looked like an idiot if the league had failed. It was tough at first because we had an obviously inferior product and a harebrained idea. We *should* have been scared."

It is typical of H. L. Hunt's business acumen that all of his children share the same office space and the same office staff but otherwise are completely independent of their father, and thus the old man knew nothing about the creation of the AFL until he read about it in the *Dallas Morning News*. Lamar got a call from one of the company officials: "Your dad wants to talk to you about football."

"Sure, I was a little nervous," Hunt recalls. "I knew that my dad wasn't really current about professional football. He grew up in southern Illinois, 60 miles from St. Louis, and they were all baseball fans, Cardinal fans. So I went into his office, and he just said, 'Tell me about the football. Do you really think it's a good thing?'"

"I said I thought it was, but then he started trying to talk me out of it, in his mild way. He said he thought it might be an undesirable business because he knew of some teams that had lost money. He was thinking of the 1930s and 1940s, when professional football was a losing proposition."

"Well, he happened to have two friends in football: Tim Mara, of the New York Giants, and Jim Bruel, who had an interest in the old Buffalo team. So he got them on the speaker telephone and he said, 'My son's thinking about getting into football. I just wondered what advice you might have.'"

"He must have expected to get very negative answers, but remember this was 1959, and the Giants had won a championship in 1956 and then lost in that great overtime game with Baltimore in 1958, and things were looking good in pro football. So both Mr. Mara and Mr. Bruel told my father the same thing: 'Pro football's a good investment. It's

continued

something your son will really enjoy." I'm sure this gave my dad consternation, but he didn't show it. He just said, "Well, if you want to do it, it's yours to do." He's great about things like that. He's never tried to force me to do anything or *not* to do anything. His attitude was, "Well, this new football league is your problem, and you're gonna have to learn for yourself." That's another reason I'm glad it worked out as well as it did.

"I'm sure you've heard the classic story about me and my father? The one where a reporter's supposed to have told him, 'Mr. Hunt, your son is going to lose \$1 million a year on that new league.' And my dad's supposed to have answered, 'Well, at that rate he'll be finished in 150 years.' It's a great story, it ought to be true, but it just isn't. My dad would never say a thing like that. It's just not in his personality, and it wasn't true anyway, about me having that much money. I wish it *was* true. That story has been written in every language on earth. I'll bet I've read it 1,000 times myself."

1,001.

Of all the memories of the early years of the AFL, one taints Lamar Hunt the most. "A golden opportunity missed," he says, using one of his favorite expressions. "A big mistake on our part." The Texans, owned by Hunt, and the Chargers, owned by hotel sion Barron Hilton, were playing at Dallas in the last game of the 1962 season. The game was meaningless, the crowd prospects were poor, and the Dallas team was slated to move to Kansas City. The night before the game, the two young men had a talk. Hunt remembers: "I said, 'Barron, I read somewhere about a game in the 1930s when two owners locked everybody out and sat one on one side of the stadium and one on the other and cheered for their teams. Let's do that tomorrow.'"

"Barron thought that was a great idea. He said, 'Jeez, they'll *wate* about this! He said, 'Jeez Christ, this'll be great!' Barron has such a natural way of cussin', it doesn't even sound bad. It just comes out like strawberry syrup. 'Jeez Christ,' he said, 'this'll be great!' We worked out a way to get the gates closed and go on the radio and refund all the money on the 10,000 tickets we'd sold. But then at the last minute we chickened out. It was gutless of us. We should

have done it. People would still be talking about it."

Hunt laughs at his own audacity, at one of his famous "golden opportunities missed." "Those were strange days," he says. "We were highly involved in the business of sport, and all of us had to keep reminding ourselves that we were not just fans anymore—that there was money at stake. I remember one time when Barron's team was playing ours, and he was sitting up in the press box at the Coliseum, and his father arrived in the middle of the second quarter. Conrad Hilton himself. He picks up the program and he says, 'Hmhmhm, look at all these full-page ads. That's good!' His son Barron is cheering and hollering at the game. Mr. Hilton flipped some more pages, and he says, 'Hmhmhm, Seagrams took a full-page ad. Good work!' Then he says, 'By the way, Son, we closed the deal for the Hawaii Hilton. Forty-two million dollars.' Barron turns and he says, 'Jeez Christ, Dad, it's the third and 12!'"

Money comes to money, the cliché has it, but Hunt has taken several financial baths and emerged poorer and wiser. He was a heavy backer of a national bowling league that lasted about three days, and he still retains the 72-lane bowling center that came along in the deal. A teen-age social center failed to make it. A commercial fishing lake lost money because of poachers. A plan to turn Alcatraz Island into a sort of astronautical Disneyland was war-whipped out of existence. "That's just the nature of business," Hunt says. "Sometimes you lose. Why, I drilled a dry hole just last week. Several dry holes. Sometimes you get a dry hole in the sports-entertainment business, too."

Three or four years ago, a lesser man than Hunt would have decided that professional tennis was a genuine dry hole and racked his pipe and gone home. World Championship Tennis had been thrust upon Lamar Hunt, more or less: he had bought a modest 25% of the modest operation and then awakened one morning with 75% after one of the partners pulled out. "It was terrible," Hunt says. "We made mistake on top of mistake. We had it figured out where we could net \$17,000 a week, but we never came close. We were asking our players—at first we had eight of them, known as 'The Handsome Eight' or 'The Hand-

some Seven Plus Tony Roche"—to play two tournaments a week, and that was too much. And we were just doing *everything* wrong. We were acting as agents, supplying players for tournaments, and that's no way to get ahead in tennis."

WCT's executive director and working head, the former Welsh tennis pro Michael Davies, takes up the tale: "By 1970 it was plain that WCT was going to be out of business within a year. I went into my hotel room for three days and I worked out plans for a World Championship of Tennis, and Lamar and I sat down to talk it over. I said, 'The time is urgent. The time is right now. I want to go out and sign 32 players, the best players in the world, and I want to create the World Championship of Tennis, and I want \$1 million to do it.' We went over every last detail of the plan for four hours, and at the end of that time Lamar said, 'O.K., let's go.'"

The battle that erupted with the slightly senile nabobs of world tennis—settled only recently at a conference in London—is still too close in time to afford Hunt any pleasure in re-creating it. For the first time in his life he became the subject of a torrent of abuse that would have been more becoming to Lord Haw-Haw. The British press accused him of everything short of sadonocrophilia, and Hunt's equanimity was threatened. "They managed to put it all on a very personal basis," he recalls. "They'd write things like, 'Texas oil riches are trying to control the game and steal it away from the green grass of Wimbledon, away from the hallowed, ivy-covered tower. . . .' That sort of thing. And stealing control of world tennis was the furthest from our intention."

"Writers like J.L. Manning in the *London Evening Standard* would write, 'Hunt is the all-time enemy of England.' The whole English tennis Establishment and the whole English sporting press were saying, 'We've got to hurt Hunt,' and 'We got to hurt the WCT.'"

"What the British were showing," says a sportswriter close to the scene, "was plain old-fashioned prejudice, not only anti-Texas and anti-oil, but anti-anybody who has the money to take on the fusty old tennis Establishment. For a long time they were running around saying Lamar will ruin tennis. Sure he will! Lamar will ruin tennis just like he ruined pro football."

Before the shooting war ended, Hunt's *continued*

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BIG D

12 pros—including seven or eight of the world's top 10, players like Rod Laver, Ken Rosewall, Cliff Drysdale and Arthur Ashe—found themselves barred from Wimbledon and Forest Hills, whereupon Hunt scheduled a \$50,000 St. Louis tournament at the same time as Wimbledon. “We had to do something, didn’t we?” Hunt says. “We couldn’t just say, ‘Well, we’re barred from Wimbledon, so let’s just let our players sit around.’ The English press took this very antagonistically. They interpreted it as an attack on Wimbledon. Well, my God, we were barred from Wimbledon! What were we supposed to do?”

Now that the matter has been settled, Hunt sees a bright future for the sport that caused him so many headaches. “Professional tennis is going to be big, very big,” he says. “I can’t say that affirmatively for soccer in the U.S. I wish I could—but I can very definitely say it for professional tennis. For *her*. Why, our tournament at Philadelphia this year, the 12th leg of the World Championship of Tennis, had 57,000 people paid, with 12,000 for the finals. In a year or two, events like that will be completely sold out, and in three years a tournament like that will draw 100,000 fans in a week at good prices. And that doesn’t mean that events like Wimbledon won’t continue to be big. Their ticket sales are a record this year, and that’s great for tennis, and we’re as happy as can be about it. Anything that is good for Wimbledon is good for WCT, and vice versa. If WCT is successful and it’s been in the black for several years now—it can only help tennis, the same way the AFL helped football. The more stars you build, the more teams, the more good games, the bigger the future of any sport. Think of the kids that’ll watch WCT on TV and then want to rush out and play tennis. Six, eight, 10 million viewers at a time. The future is limitless.”

Lamar Hunt sprawls on the floor of his den, watching a WCT tournament on a 12" Sony TV.

“Lamar?” Norma says, squinting at the picture. “One of these days we’re gonna have to get a bigger set.”

“Yeah,” Hunt says. “One of these days.”

Norma steps into the entrance hall and studies a beautiful antique bust that is a special favorite of both the Hunts. “La-

mar?” she calls into the den. “What are the chances that this is really Henry II?”

Hunt is concentrating on the tennis match; he would rather not think about antiques for the moment. “Seventeen percent,” he answers.

On the screen, Laver nips a sizzling backhand past Rosewall, and Hunt gets excited. “Look at that,” he says. “Did you see that? It’s enough to make me go out and break my rackets.” The action slows down and Hunt asks his visitors: “Listen, y’all help me count the number of times he mentions Dallas and the finals. It’s three so far. Man, I enjoy it when they mention Dallas.”

But Dallas is mentioned only one more time on the long Sunday afternoon, and there are other reasons for Hunt to grow disenchanting with this particular telecast. The doubles players appear, and they are supposed to be wearing contrasting colors to help the TV audience tell them apart, but Rosewall wears yellow and the other three wear white. Hunt grumbles: “That’s riskydink. And that’s our *own* fault, too. We have a man there. He’s supposed to be watching things like that.”

The last 40 minutes are reminiscent of the earliest days of television. The sound fades in and out, and Hunt expresses the hope that the fault lies with his TV set, but he soon finds out different. Now the picture begins to flicker, and a notice goes up that there is transmission difficulty. The announcer fluffs the score, and Hunt corrects him at a range of several hundred miles. Finally the ordeal is over and Hunt smiles wanly and shakes his head. “A disaster,” he says. “That’s all you can call it.”

“Well, it doesn’t make that much difference,” a visitor says consolingly. “Your whole tour’s sold. You’re going to come out in the black again this year.”

“That doesn’t excuse it,” Hunt says gently. “It’s nice to be in the black, but there’s something else that’s just as important.”

“What’s that?”

“Being an artistic success. Doing a good job. That’s what it’s all about. *Doing things right.*”

The visitor is inclined to accept the expert’s expertise. In this lushly shaded French chateau, set in the unlikely environs of Dallas, Texas and owned by a man with a single suit, “doing things right” seems to be the specialty of the house.

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It's Your Move (Clank, Whirr), Mister Turk

An 18th-century chess machine succeeded for 65 years in fooling most of the people all of the time, and vice versa. It might have gone on longer if the man inside had kept his trap shut **by JOHN C. DEVLIN**

Although chess has its "swindles"—referring to games in which a player capitalizes on a blunder by an opponent in a winning or drawn position—the incidence of actual chess cheating is rare. Championship players are keenly aware of every piece on the board, whose move it is and the time remaining, so that opportunities for genuine swindles are almost nonexistent.

Still, there was an occasion when nearly the entire chess world, not to mention such otherwise sophisticated lights as Napoleon Bonaparte, was duped by a chess hoax as resourceful as it was long-lasting. It all began in the Royal Palace in Vienna in 1770. Baron Wolfgang von Kempelen, a famous inventor, had boasted to Empress Maria Theresa that within six months he could construct a marvelous invention that would astonish and baffle everyone with its mysterious design and secret power.

And, sure enough, half a year later he was prepared to demonstrate his device in the Great Hall, not only before the members of the royal court but some of the country's finest mathematicians and intellectuals. The Baron's boast came at a time of scientific and technical sophistication throughout the world. The clock had been contrived,

magnetism and gravity were well known, gunpowder had been invented, astronomy was well developed and many early steps toward controlling disease were being taken. Surely there could not be much left to discover. Still, the buzzing in the court was heated as the Baron stepped forward to make scientific history.

What he had to show and demonstrate to the assemblage, he said, was the world's first automated chess machine—or, as he called it, the Automaton Chess Player. The announcement evoked instant disbelief. It was ridiculous, the courtiers told each other, to assert that a machine could actually play anything as challenging and complex as chess. No machine could reason out all the plays and combinations that had puzzled some of the greatest minds in the world. Clearly, the Baron was making a joke. And if it were a trick, he would not be able to get away with it for long. Consequently, the audience watched with amused skepticism as the demonstration began.

First, attendants wheeled into view a chest about four feet long, three feet high and two feet wide. A chessboard was fastened to the top. Behind the cabinet was a life-size, mustachioed "Turk" wearing a turban, an Oriental costume and holding a long, thin pipe in its hand.

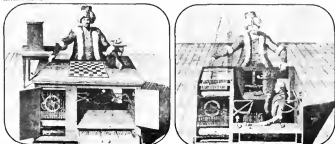
The Baron announced, with a few courtly flourishes, that his machine—entirely unaided by any human agency—could beat any opponent who would accept the challenge. The Baron would be on hand only to wind the device from time to time. He asked for a volunteer to step forward.

The audience balked. Obviously, the crowd felt, the machine was a hoax and would be operated by someone hidden inside the cabinet, perhaps a clever dwarf or boy. Several people suggested as much and asked for permission to look inside the contraption.

The Baron willingly agreed. Indeed, he said, he had intended to open the cabinet after the first game but would be pleased to do so now if it would clear up any suspicions. While the audience watched closely, he took a key and unlocked one of the doors facing toward the audience. Inside they saw a mass of clockwork wheels, levers, narrow metal bars and pistons. Then he began to unlock two doors of a larger compartment on the other side but stopped suddenly and asked for a lighted candle.

Because there was so much machinery in the opened section, the inventor said, he wanted his audience to know for certain that no one could be hiding behind

BETTMANN ARCHIVE



it. He now opened a door in the rear of the cabinet and held the candle up so the audience could see no one was inside. Then he shut the rear door, walked around to the front and opened a drawer in the bottom of the cabinet. It contained only chessmen. He left it open as he swung out the two cabinets doors he had started to open before. More machinery. He opened the back door and again held up the lighted candle so the audience could see all the way through.

Now the inventor took the desklike cabinet, which was one-eighth, and swung it around to show the Turk's back. He lifted the robe, and the spectators could see it contained only wheels and machinery with no space for a person. With the doors and drawer open and with the Turk's robe lifted up over its head, the Baron rolled the cabinet around the room, permitting careful inspection, and returned it to its original place in front of the apparently vanished audience.

The Baron took the pipe from the Turk's hand, then placed a cushion under the left elbow, set up the chessmen on the board and wound up the machine with a key, much as one would wind a clock. The device began to click. A volunteer stepped up, and the game began.

The Turk had the first move.

After turning its head from side to side, the mechanical man, to the accompaniment of mechanical noises made, lifted its left arm jerkily and closed its fingers on a pawn, moving it forward two squares. The 18th-century audience reacted predictably. One woman rose from her chair, crossed herself and departed.

The Turk's opponent now made his first move. Within seconds the Turk, with more whirring, made a second and logical move. The spectators moved closer. The inventor had not interfered in any way with the operation of the device. In fact, he turned his back on it, and after a time strolled to one side to converse with observers, returning to the cabinet only to wind it again after every 10 or 12 moves.

As the game proceeded, the audience's credulity became more strained with every move. At one point the Turk bowed its head twice to warn the opponent that his queen was threatened. Three nods signified a check. A mild sensation occurred when the human player made an illegal move, and the Turk solemnly

continued



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shook its head and returned the piece to its proper position. Unhappily, there is no record of the moves of this first match of man vs. "machine," nor do we know who won. In light of the overwhelming victories the automaton ran up in later years, we may assume the man was roundly beaten.

A. I. Horowitz, the American grand master, has said the automaton's secret was never fully discovered by the spectators. But theories abounded that a boy was somehow hidden inside, or a dwarf or a legless man. Scores of books and articles purported to "expose" the secret of the invention while others accepted the Turk truly as a mechanical marvel of fantastic complexity.

Actually, said Horowitz, the skeptics were correct in believing a human was hidden inside the cabinet. What they were never able to explain, however, was the way he was concealed from view during inspection of the cabinet's interior by the audience. The answer lies in the realm of illusion—the same phenomenon that permits us to believe a magician is sawing a woman in half or making her vanish before our very eyes.

In the case of the Turk the deception was the greater because the man inside, besides being a superb chess player, was fully grown. He was concealed from detection by remarkable tricks of design that kept him out of sight while doors and drawers were being opened to "expose" the inside of the box. The secret was in the cabinetwork. The drawers did not go all the way to the back of the cabinet, leaving a narrow channel in which the man could operate while the doors were being opened and shut. The machinery inside had nothing to do with the operation of the automaton and could be accorded forward. All the doors were never opened at the same time. When the smaller door was opened to expose the machinery and permit the lighted-candle demonstration, the large door in back was shut. The man perched on a sliding seat and moved back and forth behind the machinery, compressing it to make room for himself and lowering a panel so the audience could not see him.

But how did the concealed chess master operate the automaton and how could he know what moves were being made on the board outside? These were questions that stumped even those who were convinced a man was hidden inside. One

common but erroneous theory was that the man peeked out through the robes of the dummy and had his left hand inside the left arm of the Turk.

A dufler man than Baron von Kempelen might have tried to delude his audiences with such a trick, but the Baron seldom was content with the obvious or simple. What he had done was contrive a panel holding a small peg-in chessboard that folded over the lap of the man inside when the doors of the cabinet were closed. Tiny chessmen were placed in the peg holes. Using rods and levers connected to the arm of the Turk somewhat in the fashion of a pantograph, the man was able to guide the Turk's hand to the proper piece on the board by remote control.

So far, so good.

But how were the topside moves transmitted to the man inside? The Baron used magnetism to carry off that part of the hoax. As the chessmen on top were moved, they stimulated the "murder-image" chessmen underneath by magnetism. The hidden player simply duplicated the moves on his lagboard, pondered his reply and, using the rods and levers, made his move. Additional hocus-pocus, such as making the Turk turn or shake his head as if in deep thought, was provided by other rods and levers underneath.

It took the skeptics 65 years to catch up with the Baron's machine, although it had by then gone through the hands of another owner and had been the subject of at least one academic study that came close to disclosing its secret. In 1821 Robert Willis at Cambridge University in England had published a shrewd but only partially accurate hypothesis on how the player was hidden, but he had stumbled over the matter of how the player knew what was going on outside.

Edgar Allan Poe followed with an exposure of the Turk in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, giving virtually the same incorrect explanation Willis had given 15 years earlier. Poe became interested when the Turk came to the United States in 1826. As it had in Europe, it fascinated the chess-playing public and led to the usual burst of theorizing and skepticism.

The first authentic revelation of the automaton's secret was published in the magazine *Pittsburgher* in 1834. It described how the player was hidden and

explained properly how he was able to "see" the moves and control the automaton's arm. The material for this article was furnished by a man identified only as Mouret, who had run the automaton for its new owner from about 1819 to 1824.

"This very skilful player [Mouret]," wrote George Allen in *The Book of the First American Chess Congress*, "sank into habits of intemperance, and died in 1837. He was, therefore, in the lowest stage of his degradation when he betrayed the secret of his old employer." The old employer was Johann N. Maelzel, a German piano teacher who bought the automaton from Baron von Kempelen's son in 1804. A man interested in various mechanical devices, Maelzel had once constructed a complicated instrument that played compositions by Mozart and Haydn on an ensemble of flutes, drums, cymbals, clarinets, violins and cellos.

Subsequently, Maelzel toured Germany with both the Turk and his curious harmonicon. He seems to have exceeded even Baron von Kempelen in showmanship—he once drew Napoleon into an explosive series of games. Although details of the encounter are disputed by various authorities, there seems little doubt that the match took place. In his first game with the Turk, Bonaparte made six moves, and then, apparently to test the automaton, deliberately made a false move. The automaton bowed and replaced the ill-placed piece, indicating that Napoleon should move correctly. Napoleon again deliberately made a false move. The automaton now quickly confiscated the piece and made his own move. Napoleon again tried a false move. The Turk in disgust swept the board of all its pieces and refused to continue the game.

In another game against the Turk, Napoleon ordered Maelzel to remain behind a rope barrier. Napoleon lost again. A third game was arranged. Napoleon produced a magnet and put it on the Turk's board. Maelzel removed the magnet and Napoleon was defeated again. His last attempt to beat the Turk was no more successful. On this occasion, according to one report, Napoleon wrapped a shawl around the Turk's face and upper body. Once more the Turk won. Napoleon, in anger, swept the board clean, dismissing the machine as "a bagatelle."

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 6-12

BOATING—SANDY NATIVELLO, a 50-year-old fisherman from Park, Ohio, averaged a record 72 mph in his 36-foot Cigarette Copper Active to win the Bahamas 500 by 22 minutes over Bob McKeown, the defending national offshore powerboat champion. It was Sandro's third straight win.

BOWLING—Left-hander EARL ANTHONY of Tazewell, Va., with total 9,559 pins in the \$15,500 Portland Open, the second stop in the PBA summer tour.

BETTY MORRIS, a pregnant 24-year-old housewife from Spokane, Calif., rolled a 16-game score of 1,877 to gain the PBA \$30,000 Showboat Classic title in San Diego.

BOWLING—JOSE NAPOLIESI retained his world wide-spread title with a second-round TKO over Adolph Raut of St. Louis in Manhattan, Manass. The victory helped Napoliesi's pro record to 42 wins, four defeats and two draws.

GOLF—With the score tied 8-8, LANCY SMITH defeated Duane J. Trevon 3 and 2 and BETH BARRY beat Kathleen Plunkett 1 and 2 to give the U.S. a 10-8 victory over England in the Curtis Cup at Warren's Golf, Scotland.

KATHY ARIEN shot a total of 79 for a six-stroke victory over Jane Blanton in the \$50,000 Leo-LPGA championship in Sutton, Mass. (page 2)

DAVID (Spex) GOLDMAN, a 41-year-old front Dallas who was runner-up in the 1934 U.S. Open, shot a 166 for two rounds to win the U.S. Senior Golf Association championship at Rye, N.Y., by two strokes over defending champion Jim Kneib of Greenwich, Conn. and Ed Meyer of Wilton, Ohio.

MORSE BACON—Kennedy Derby winner RIVA RIDGE (53-20) won the \$155,000 Belmont Stakes by seven lengths over Ruminator Green (9).

Jane W. Galtman's 14-01 (Spex) ROBERTO, named by Peter Oberlander Roberto Cordero, took the \$254,125 Epsom Derby at Epsom Downs, England, by less than a mile over Rainsford, a 22-01 long shot. Roberto became the fourth American-owned horse to win the event in the past five years, while for Jockey Lester Piggott it was his sixth Derby win.

GINEVRA, an Epsom shot owned by Charles St. George of England, won the \$128,000 Epsom Oaks, the second of the Epsom Downs classics, by 1½ lengths over Royal Expection, an Argentine-owned 100-to-1 shot.

LACROSSE—THE CARLING LACROSSE CLUB defeated the Long Island Excelsior 4-0 on 9-8 in Baltimore.

(more on GENE FUSTING's goal with less than 30 seconds remaining to win the national club championship) Duke Bond, who arrived on the winning goal, also had two other assists and two goals, while Ron Traer led 1-1, the champions the past four years, with four goals.

With the score tied 11-11 at the start of the final period, the SOUTH scored seven goals to defeat the North 18-14 in the North-South College All-Star Game at Geneva, N.Y. All-American John Kaurer of Maryland (two goals and four assists) and Pete Eldridge of NCAA champion Virginia (three goals and one assist) paced the South team.

HOKEY SPORTS—HENRI PESCARELO of France and Britains GHAZIAN HILL averaged 121.45 mph on a 2.94 T-miles in the French Masters won the Le Mans 24-hour classic over another French driver by François Crevin of France and Hansman Gervin of New Zealand. HANSMAN BONNER of Sweden, a leading Grand Prix driver, was killed when his Lola crashed into another car. However, a crasher for motor-racing safety regulations, won the Le Mans Grand Prix in 1980, the Dutch Grand Prix in 1981, the Salzburg 12-Hours in 1982 and the Targa Florio in 1980 and 1983 at his 14-year international career.

DENIS HULME of New Zealand, driving a Gulf McLaren, averaged 118.637 mph to win the opening race of the SCCA Canadian-American Challenge Cup series at Midport Park, Ontario. It was Team McLaren's 10th victory in the 44 races run in the series since 1967.

TRAC & FIELD—is a showdown among the top three riders in the series at Ocala, Fla. WOOLFE reached 79 1/4 in the Von Clause in the Los Angeles Coliseum to defeat Ramon, second at 69 1/4, and Al Penabaz, third at 66 1/4. (over 61) JIM RYAN turned in his second fastest time of the year, winning the ride in 1:57.3 in Duane Wattle (10-2), Bob Wheeler (1:59.2) and Ken Poyne (1:59.2) all finished below four minutes. "This is a step in the right direction," said Ryan, who had had a 4:14 mile only a month earlier. "It wasn't a smooth race, but it was a good one for me really." RAY ROBINSON (10-3) repeated Roger Barnhart and Jane-Louise Barnhart's win in the 100-meter dash; ROD MILLER won the 100-meter hurdles in 1:14, a world record-holder; JOHN SMITH (65-0) defeated Lee Evans, Vince Matthews and Wayne Colton in the 440; TIM VOLLMER upset South Africa's John Van Renssen and Jay Schneider with a 100' 4" toss in the discus; FRANCIE LABRIEU set an American women's record in the 1,500 meters with a 4:24.2; and KATHY HAMMOND'S 52's won the 400-meter dash handily.

Woods took the measure of Matsui and Frensch again, less than 24 hours later at the Kennedy Games in Berkeley, Calif., when he uncorked a 69' 10" (a 64.0M) HARKI won the 100-meter dash in 9.46 (the bud 2.9) in a heat, the 220 in 20.3 and then anchored the Bay Area Semifinal, winning 446-yard relay (3:54.7) with a 100-meter dash in 10.1 and 40.7 and Matsui the 120-yard hurdles in 1:13.

In the longest mile race of the year, PETER ST. W. ARI at England topped in a 5:53.1 at London's Crystal Palace, followed by Richard Foster (5:59.1), Jan Douglas (5:56), John Kirkbride (5:56.3) and Andy Carter (5:59.1).

JEFF BENNETT, a 24-year-old Army private, won the national 400-meter dash in Los Angeles, taking 1:04.19 points to Jeff Burrows' 1:00.

MILEPACES—ADDED Two more franchises—KANSAS CITY and WASHINGTON—in the NFL, joining the league's teams to 18 just four years after it expanded from six. Both new teams will begin play in the 1994-95 season.

NAMED At coach of the Los Angeles Kings, DON PULFORD, 26, who scored 28 goals in 14 seasons with the Toronto Maple Leafs and tied with the Kings' Patrice, the Kings' coach in five years, replacing Bob Cooper, who was fired six weeks earlier.

PICKED By the New York Islanders at the NHL's choice in the NHL's amateur draft, HILLY HARRIS, 20, a 6'2", 160-pound right wing who scored 37 goals and had 72 assists with the Toronto Marlboros of the Ontario Hockey Association, Canada's top amateur league (page 30).

RETIRED JOHN ASHLEY, 42, as a referee in the NHL after 13 seasons. The highly regarded Ashley, who started as a referee in the 1950-60 season, worked on 600 regular-season and Stanley Cup playoff games.

SIGNED By the Miami Dolphins, Wade Weaver MARLIN BRINCE, 26, who had played eight seasons with the Buffalo Bills last season and became a free agent on May 1, 1986, the American Conference's leading receiver in 1979, caught 133 passes for the Bills the past three seasons. In compensation, the Dolphins gave Brince their No. 1 draft choice in 1986, and, in a separate deal, traded DALE FARLEY, 27, a former linebacker for the Dolphins, to the Miami Dolphins, a 10-year veteran with the Bills.

DIED DEL BISSONNETTE, 72, a 300 footer in his five-year career as a first baseman with the old Brooklyn Dodgers, in Aspinia, Maine. Bissonet, who had 153 hits in 1950, a major-league record in 1950, built during his 1950-51 season in 1952, during short his major league career.

CREDITS

6—drawing by Don Canale; 18, 19—photo by Ted 36; 40—photo by 2; 40—photo by 2; 40—photo by 2; 40—photo by 2.

FACES IN THE CROWD



SCOTT MARTIN, an Academic All-American guard on the Oklahoma basketball team, became the first player ever to win four Big Eight singles games championships. He also gained four doubles titles as the Sooners won the conference championship each season.



DAVID THOMPSON, a freshman at North Carolina State, who averaged 35.6 points a game for the Wolfpack frosh basketball team, long-jumped 22' 4" and triple-jumped 47' 7" in his first college track meet. In a later meet he reached 49' 11" in the triple jump.



ROGER TUCK, a Dunell (M&J) High senior, had 76 goals and 33 assists in three varsity lacrosse seasons and was named Baltimore County's outstanding player as a junior. All-State in football, he scored 26 touchdowns and made 23 interceptions in three years.



KAREN GUSTAVSEN, a senior at Bellarmine-Jefferson High in Burbank, Calif., rolled 227, 247, 212-726 and was named Star of Tomorrow as the nation's outstanding junior girl bowler by the WIBC. Karen, who began bowling at five, played 188 in league play.



RON DAVIS, a versatile senior at Bay (Ark.) High, scored 35½ of his team's 77 points in the county meet, winning the 800, 220, 440, 880 and mile, anchoring the winning 880-relay team and placing second in the long jump. He also batted .341 for the baseball team.



MITCHELL WEST, a senior leftfielder for the Taft (Texas) High baseball team, pitched back-to-back no-hitters, beating Tuloso Midway High 4-0 and Azusa Pass 4-2 in seven-inning ball games. West also has a .361 on-base average and four home runs.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HAPPINESS IN THE NL WEST

Sirs:

I congratulate William Leggett on a fine article about the Houston Astros of 1972 (*Here Come the Happiness Boys*, June 5). It has been a long time since something great has hit this town of ours, but it was worth the wait. Now it is the Astros' turn to win the pennant, and it is going to happen this year.

TOMMY GREER

Houston

Sirs:

As an ecstatic Met and Astro fan, I was overjoyed to see features in SI on both of those beautiful teams. The Mets have Willie Mays, not to mention undesirable balance and fans that don't quit. Jim Wynn summed up the Astros in one word: rowdy—and that once-beleaguered team is entitled to every bit of rowdiness it wants to exhibit. The divisional playoffs between the Astros and the Mets will be the sweetest series since spit was discovered.

LISA DE LA FUENTE

Paragary, N.J.

Sirs:

How about Clockwork Orange as a nickname for the 1972 edition of the Astros?

JOSEPH BUCKER

Cockchester, Conn.

Sirs:

Your article on the Houston Astros was a bit premature. In a four-game series with the Astros, the Cincinnati Reds scored a whopping 39 runs, including a pair of grand slam home runs, and ousted Houston from first place in the division. Your article stated that the race to watch is the one between the Dodgers and the Astros. Although Houston does sport one of the best infielders in the league (with Lee May and Tommy Helms, both acquired from the Reds), it is obvious that the Big Red Machine is back. Happiness abounds in Cincinnati!

ELAINE NOEL

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Orange Crushed is the name for the Houston Astros after Cincinnati's Big Red Machine rolled through the Dome.

CLAY STUART

Lexington, Ky.

AT SHORT AND THIRD

Sirs:

In the article *Big Gloves Hold Big Promise* (May 22) Ron Fimrite said that the combination of Aurelio Rodriguez and Ed Benkmann is superior defensively to any short-

stop-third base combination in baseball. True, he mentioned Baltimore's Brooks Robinson and Mark Belanger but has he forgotten completely some of the National League's handy glove men?

Chicago's Ron Santo-Don Kessinger combination has earned some fame. Santo has led the National League in putouts seven times and in chances accepted nine times, and he also has the lead in other NL fielding departments. He is a pretty fast hitter, too (300 career home runs so far). As for Kessinger, many experts consider him the best shortstop in the league. I would take these two fielders ahead of any others, in either league.

MIKE BURTON

Knoxville, Tenn.

Sirs:

You have done it again! Why don't you check the true case before printing the arbitrary, subjective appraisals that some of your writers decide are gospel truth? I am referring to William Leggett's allegation in his article on the Astros that Doug Rader is "the closest thing the league has to a Brooks Robinson with a glove."

Look at these 1971 statistics: Ron Santo handled 409 chances to 389 for Rader. Santo played in 14 more games than Rader. And Santo's fielding percentage was .958 while Rader's was .945.

Quit crowing for the Red Rooster, Mr. Leggett. It doesn't look good for a writer to lay an egg.

NORM NUSBAUM

Chicago

PLAYING THE HEAVIES

Sirs:

Joe Frazier has made a mockery of the heavyweight championship once again and I am disappointed in SI for acknowledging this massacre (*The Bluffs Barber Gets Tenderized*, June 5). The champ has fought only twice in more than a year and both fights have been against nobodies. Bob Foster was stripped by the WBA of his light-heavyweight title for not fighting top contenders. Frazier seems to be headed the same way.

I can't wait for Ali to beat up this lazy champ, then we'll really have a champion!

BILL ST. ANGELO

Valley Stream, N.Y.

Sirs:

A million thanks for publishing Mrs. Ron Stander's truthful comments on what a "bum" her husband is. I was really embarrassed that I made my girl friend watch this "world championship" fight. The announcer seemed to be reading from a script, rather than reporting what he was really see-

ing at the ring. It also seems to me that Joe Frazier would be ashamed to fight someone like Stander.

MIKE ZORAN

East Detroit

Sirs:

Although I am no admirer of Vice President Spiro Agnew, I feel I have bumped into one of his "office snobs" in Mark Kram. His snide article on Ron Stander made no mention whatever of the guy's incredible guts. I feel that Kram might at least have mentioned that Stander came to Frazier throughout the bout, unlike Frazier's previous opponent, Terry Daniels. It was no help against Joe Frazier, but Ron Stander more than made up for his lack of skill with his tremendous courage.

CHARLES R. BURNIE, D.D.S.

Council Bluffs, Iowa

Sirs:

I'm sorry, Mr. Kram, but I'm from The Sticks. Looking at the fight realistically, most locals knew that Ron Stander couldn't defeat Joe Frazier. After all, just months before he had lost to an obscure fighter named Reco Brooks. But for the sports fans of Omaha and the surrounding area the outcome of the fight wasn't the important thing. Sure, we were hoping for that impossible dream, but we knew the odds. But you see, Mr. Kram, we finally got to see an important sporting event—one of international concern. You big-league people are spoiled.

TIM SCHMAD

Omaha

500 FANS

Sirs:

Once again automobile racing fans have been slandered. Robert Jones says that this year's Indy 500 crowd "sat on its hands" because there were not enough crashes. Not so! All around me I heard fans expressing their delight with the race. Well they might, because it was an excellent race. Before the old assumptions about the attraction racing holds for its fans are trotted out again, I suggest someone take time to ask the fans why they go to races. Of course, some fans thirst for crashes and fire, but to imply that this is what the majority of those present are interested in is to do a great disservice to the average fan.

D. J. ECKHORN JR.

Northbrook, Ill.

Sirs:

I am very displeased to read that Bob Jones considers motor racing an "abuse sport." I will avoid reading his motor racing pieces hereafter, better to read the ads

continued



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16TH HOLE continued

anyway (such as the Goodyear spread in the same issue) to get the story without literary pretense.

G. A. CLIFFORD, M.D.

New York City

FAIR TRADE

Sirs:

Harold Peterson's description of Oakland's acquisition of Ken Holtzman as "the great theft of the 1972 trading season" (*Baseball's Week*, June 5) is, if not totally untrue, at least premature. Holtzman has always done well at the start of the season, but he unfailingly becomes erratic and inconsistent as the season progresses. Rick Monday, whom the Cubs obtained in exchange for Holtzman, is one of the finest centerfielders in baseball. At this writing, he is hitting .330, fifth in the NL, and with his solid defensive play Rick has remedied the Cubs' perennial center-field sore spot. Furthermore, Burt Hooton, Holtzman's replacement in the Cubs' starting rotation, is one of the most promising young pitchers today. I suggest the end of the season may reveal that it was the Cubs who pulled off the great theft of the 1972 trading season.

EDWARD J. LEONAK

Chicago

IN STYLE

Sirs:

Hooray for Jule Campbell's article *Now Prospects Are for Warm and Fairer* (June 5). I have for years been coming home from work, slipping out of my business togs and into a comfortable sweat, excuse me, warm-up suit. During this time, I have been the target of queer looks from my neighbors and friends and digging comments from my wife and family. Now I can proudly say to all of these critics that I was the first kid in my neighborhood to be in style.

JOE GUTERMAN

Western Springs, Ill.

MUNICH

Sirs:

Realizing that this is an Olympic year, I can understand Mark Kram's enthusiastic endorsement of Munich as an excellent choice for the Games (*Munich, the Bavarian Crown*, May 22). We in Germany are looking forward to the Olympics with great anticipation and are optimistic that it will meet with success. It is my opinion, however, that although Mr. Kram's article was an excellent exposition of the tremendous strides Munich has made since the war, he damaged his credibility in his attempt to promote the "greatness" of Munich.

As editor of Berlin's only English-language magazine, I often meet tourists who have come here to see the Wall, yet leave with a much different impression of The Outpost City, as Berlin is sometimes called. I

continued

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10TH MOLE

agree with Mr. Kram's assumption that one cannot compare Berlin with Munich. Nonetheless, my comparison leaves me with the opinion that Munich is now the top city in Germany. It is not even similar to and never will be what old Berlin was, and it does not measure up to what Berlin is today.

To be sure, Munich does have several advantages over Berlin, no wall separating it from West Germany by 110 miles, beautiful surroundings such as the Alps, which offer an abundance of winter and summer-time activities, and better employment opportunities because of greater industry. But the true measure of a city lies with the people, the soul of any culture. From the mentality of the citizenry develops something we call atmosphere. Perhaps a German friend of mine, who has lived in both Munich and Berlin, makes the comparison best:

"Before the war Berlin was one of the cultural centers of the world, a great city by anybody's definition, internationally oriented, and the home of a sophisticated people. Munich was referred to as 'that provincial town in Bavaria.' Munich is a city now, but it is not and never will be a Berlin. Although Berlin was completely destroyed in the war, it is once again an international meeting point, one of Europe's heartbeats. Munich is the type of city you'd like to visit because of its provincial charm, but Berlin remains one of the most interesting and sophisticated cities in the world to live in."

If Mr. Kram is right when he says, "Berlin is a political entity and a showwindow toward the East," it would seem illogical that more than twice as many Germans and other nationalities have chosen to live here than in "the secret capital of Germany." The Germans know their country and their cities. The next time Mr. Kram chooses to promote one city over another, he should ask the people first. They know the truth.

ROBERT J. BAUER
Editor-in-Chief
Berlin Today

Berlin

Sirs:

As one who has lived in and enjoyed old München am Isar for many years and who has attended and taken a very active part in more than a few of the world-famous Oktoberfest, permit me to state that only a real Prussian barbarian would ever refer to the delightfully magnificent *Gewährteiler* of Bavaria as "animalism" as Mark Kram has done. Sir, I must protest! My sentiments have been violated!

MASON WILLIAM E. TWITTY, USA
New Orleans

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